

OCTOBER 23, 1978

\$1.00

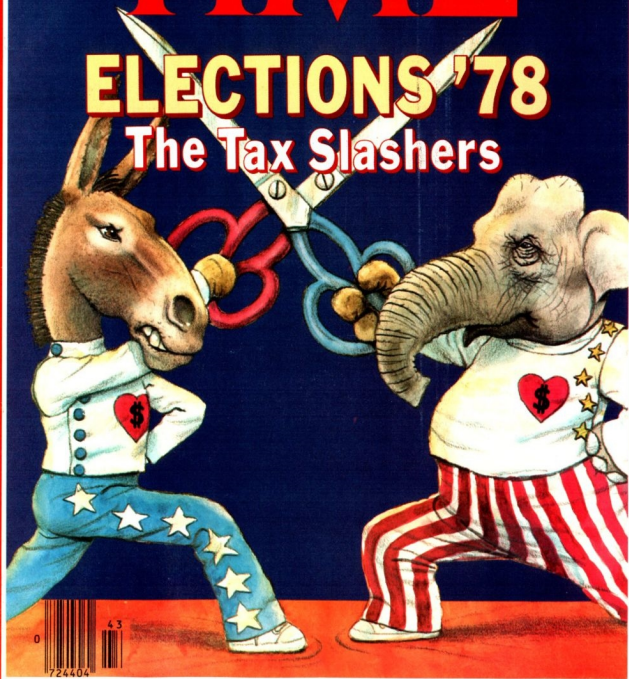
A TOURIST'S
CHINA



TIME

ELECTIONS '78

The Tax Slashers



Polaroid instant movies. Easy to make. Easy to show.



The problem with explaining Polaroid instant movies isn't in getting you to understand how they work.

The problem is in getting

you to understand just how remarkable they are.

People who see them for the first time are surprised.

No matter how much you

try to prepare them.

The Polavision system and what it does.

The Polaroid instant movie system has 3 basic components:

Hard to believe.

the camera, the cassette, and the player.

90 seconds after you take a Polaroid movie, it's ready to show.

After you shoot a film, all you do is put the film cassette into the Polaroid player.

It develops as it rewinds, automatically. Simple as that.

It's fast, but is it good?

Polaroid instant movies are more than good. The colors are natural and well-reproduced. Life looks as life really looks.

This is true whether you're shooting indoors or outdoors. Indoors, you merely attach our TwiLight™ to the camera and shoot.

In short, what you get is a movie that would make you proud if you had to wait 3 weeks for it to develop.

Polaroid's movies are so good and so fast, people aren't just taking movies of their families. They're finding dozens of ways of using it in their business.

"But I always hated the idea of home movies."

A lot of people who've spent years loathing home

movies have fallen in love with Polaroid's movies for another reason: They are what home movies never were: Simple. And instant.

To shoot, all you do is snap the film cassette into the camera, turn to your subject and shoot. You don't have to worry about light, the camera worries automatically. You don't even have to focus. All you have to do is set the camera for either near or far. The camera does the rest.

You can zoom in for a portrait or zoom out for a wide shot at the touch of a finger. And what you see through the viewfinder is exactly what the camera sees.

Seeing them is even easier than taking them.

With Polaroid's movies, there's no projector to thread. No screen to put up.

Along with the camera, you get a Polaroid player. The player looks like a TV set with a little slot in the top. You just drop the cassette into the slot and you're set.

As we indicated earlier the

first time you view the film after you shoot, it takes 90 seconds to develop.

Every time after that, it takes only 8 seconds to come to life.

Polavision also has an optional Instant Replay Control.

If any time during the film you want to see a special part again, just press the replay button and relive it.

The cassette runs 2½ minutes. When it reaches the end, the player shuts itself off automatically.

The player itself is attractive. You don't have to hide it away

like a projector.

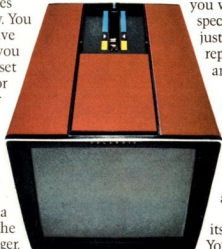
You can leave it sitting out, plugged in, ready to play.

And it weighs only 26 pounds.

So our movies aren't only easy to make and easy to show, they're easy to take visiting with you.

Which is also hard to believe.

Polavision from Polaroid





The 1979 Buick LeSabre.

**We didn't make LeSabre a celebrated family car.
Families did.**



BUICK

After all, life is to enjoy.



A Letter from the Publisher

When the *Lindblad Explorer* entered the harbor of Shanghai at daybreak, three passengers had special reason to stand on the observation deck to command a full view of the city. Senior Writer Michael Demarest, who wrote this week's special report on the People's Republic, was making his first trip to China. The sight, he recalls, was wondrous and unexpected, with "freighters, tankers, junks and sampans set against that immortal skyline." Photographer Carl Mydans and Shelley, his novelist wife, were also thrilled by the panorama, but much of it was familiar to them. As one of LIFE's photographer-reporter teams during World War II, they had covered China before being captured in 1942 in the Philippines by the Japanese and sent to Shanghai aboard a prison ship.

The Mydanses were repatriated a year later, and Carl went on to serve LIFE as one of the war's finest photographers. When he returned to Shanghai on the *Explorer*, 35 years after his release from the prison camp, Mydans found the city's skyline to be precisely as he had remembered it. Says he: "Perhaps no one else on the ship could understand why Shelley and I felt such a deep surge of excitement. We were back in China. Like nearly everyone else who has lived there, we felt it was a delight to return."



Demarest and Mydans

Mydans and Demarest are among the first American journalists permitted to make such an extensive tourist's journey through China. Mydans, who shot more than 100 rolls of film during his visit, was amazed to discover how receptive the Chinese were to having their pictures taken. "In the 1940s," says

Mydans, "most Chinese avoided being photographed because they believed that the camera catches the soul as well as the image. But today they are relaxed, willing and smiling in front of the camera."

Demarest, one of TIME's most versatile writers and a man who has handled assignments from De Gaulle to gourmet cooking, was as impressed as his companion by the Chinese he saw, calling the country "Communism with a smile." Mike remembers Mydans working day after day as if he wanted to capture that expression on a billion faces. "Carl chased around China like a mountain goat," says Demarest. "He was patient, inexhaustible and, above all, unflappable."

TIME's three Americans abroad represent a special blend of journalistic talent and experience, and they treated their subject with enthusiasm and affection. As caught by Demarest's pen and Mydans' camera, today's China comes alive in rare and memorable fashion.

John A. Meyers

Index

Cover: Illustration by Sandy Huffaker.



12 Cover: As Americans prepare to go to the polls, the nation is antipopping, antigovernment and antiwelfare. Republican and Democratic candidates alike are trying to exploit the one key issue: How to cut taxes. See NATION.



82 Economy & Business: The dollar's plunge puts money traders in the eye of a financial hurricane—and for all their profits they agree that the market is crazy. ▶ Interest rates go up yet again. ▶ Conrail rumbles into deeper red ink.



62 Special Report: China, opening now to Western tourism, is a land of poesy, paradox and Instamatic Blur. People at every level welcome the Foreign Friend to a relaxed, still undeveloped land. *Ni hao! Ni hao!* Americans.

50 World
In Washington, Egyptians and Israelis work on a peace treaty that could be signed at a summit on a summit. ▶ East Beirut is burned out, yet the Maronite Christians are still defiant. ▶ Another Mr. Smith goes to Washington, but hardly anybody pays attention. ▶ A bold bid to save the Orkney seals.

30 Nation
During its rush to adjournment Congress struggles with Carter over taxes. A Soviet defector savors Western decadence.

95 Music
A festival in Brno, Czechoslovakia, celebrates Composer Leoš Janáček and marks the 50th anniversary of his death.

73 Essay
Increasingly bitter factionalism threatens the basic mutual respect that is the heart of American democracy.

97 Living
Betty Ford has a face-lift and puts more pressure on plastic surgeons already besieged by women—and men.

74 Science
Rising on an Arizona mountaintop, a remarkable six-eyed telescope will search for evidence of black holes.

100 Sport
A great rivalry is resumed as the Los Angeles Dodgers try to win the World Series from the champion New York Yankees.

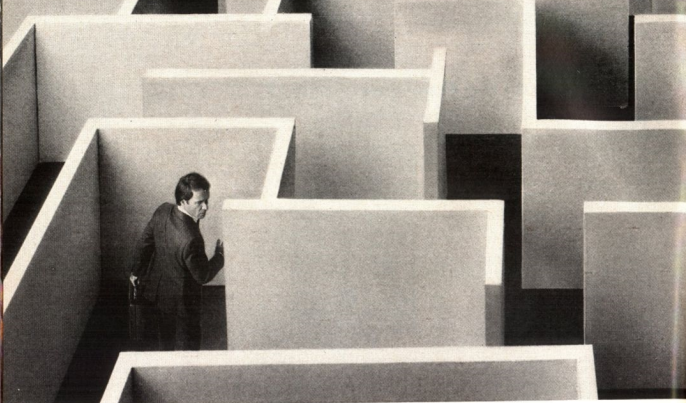
81 Press
New York's citizens will see the *Times* this week—or will they? And who are R. W. Papple Jr. and Craig Stillborn?

102 Behavior
Accused of four rapes, an Ohio man may have ten personalities, ranging from Christine, 3, to suicidal Billy, 23.

90 Medicine
Two Americans and a Swiss win the 1978 Nobel Prize for their work with enzyme "scissors" that trim DNA strands.

6 Letters
78 Cinema
90 Milestones
98 People
104 Books
109 Law
110 Theater

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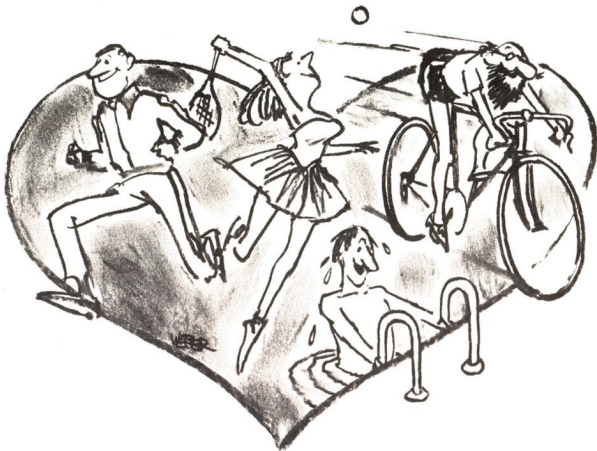
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Exercise you can put your heart into ...your doctor wants you to keep up the good work

Today there are an estimated 10 million joggers, 15 million serious swimmers, 25 million regular cyclists and 29 million tennis players in the U. S. That's good.

A recent Gallup Poll found that the number of Americans who say they use some form of exercise *daily* has nearly doubled in the last sixteen years. From 24% to 47% today. That's even better. Because the evidence keeps piling up that regular physical activity may be of significant benefit in the prevention of coronary heart disease, America's #1 killer.

A case in point is the results from a recent study of

San Francisco longshoremen. Those whose jobs required heavy physical activity had 46% fewer deaths due to coronary disease than longshoremen with less physically demanding jobs.

Now, just a word of caution from your doctor who is your partner in keeping you healthy. You are not a longshoreman, so don't overdo it. Your doctor can work out an exercise program with you, shaped to your capabilities and interests.

American Medical Association, 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois 60610.

Your Doctor's Your Partner
Help your doctor help you

Great Wines are never blended. Neither is Old Forester.

Wine experts know blending can improve the taste of an ordinary wine.

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It's a slow and expensive process.

But while we've always known blending can make our job easier, it's not going to make our whisky better.



The Great Whisky Made Like Great Wine.

Letters

Peace and After

To the Editors:

President Carter did an excellent job at the Camp David summit [Oct. 2] getting Sadat and Begin to bargain. It is now up to the Arab and Israeli worlds to accept the agreement, to make it work and to keep peace throughout the Middle East.

James Palmer
Philadelphia

Public opinion polls now say that a great number of people think Jimmy Carter has finally found it. Some of us never thought he lost it.

Ann H. Hadfield
Perkasie, Pa.



My advice for President Carter: Damn the polls! Full speed ahead!

Russ Burkhard
Annandale, Va.

Carter used a lot of his own energy in an attempt to keep the energy of his country flowing. In so doing he will enter the history books as having achieved one of two things: either the termination of a 30-year-old war or the destruction of a 30-year-old nation.

Paul R. Willett
London

Three cheers for President Carter, whose expert statesmanship has made peace in the Middle East attainable. Now he had better start solving some domestic problems. Inflation and the declining dollar affect every American citizen. The President will have to handle these issues with the same expertise he demonstrated at the summit talks.

J.R. Baker III
West Chester, Pa.

Heat over Energy

Congratulations on the laser quality of Peter Stoler's Essay, "The Irrational Fight Against Nuclear Power" [Sept. 25].

TIME, OCTOBER 23, 1978

The only people who could improve on the world's best selling foil shaving system just did. Presenting the eltron® 770 shaver.

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- Engineered for total

reliability, the Eltron 770 shaver is backed by a full three year international warranty.*

So if what you seek is a superbly close and comfortable shave, get the Eltron 770.

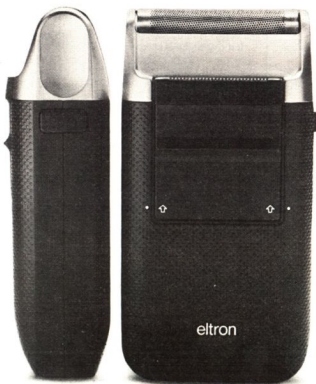
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The Leadership Link.

When your family's fortunes are linked to your family business, you need a lock on the future.

Here's how First Chicago can help you secure it.

We've seen it happen, again and again. A man spends so much time building a family business, he never stops to consider what would happen to it if he weren't there.

The results can be devastating to the business, its employees, and to the family it's meant to support. Without experienced leadership, for example, the company could flounder and fail to provide sufficient income. Or a lack of advance planning could force the family to sell at a sacrifice to meet tax requirements.

These and dozens of other problems can be anticipated and alleviated if you plan properly. And First Chicago can help you and your advisors do that.

Family Business Specialists.

Our Trust Department has had a specialized group handling the administration of closely held business interests for more than 40 years.

From our experience with virtually every type of family enterprise, we can advise you on the particular problems

your estate may encounter. We can provide expert in-house valuation of your company for sale, merger, stock offering or tax considerations. And we can help you determine whether the business should be sold or retained as part of your estate.

If the decision is to retain, The First National Bank of Chicago as executor and trustee can help assure continuous, qualified management, carefully monitored by our full-time family business administrators. If the decision is to sell, the Trust Department will make arrangements for the sale.

Tax Specialists.

Taxes, of course, are a major concern in planning your estate. And today's complex, changing tax environment is constantly creating new problems and opportunities for the family business owner.

Take the Tax Reform Act of 1976. Under this legislation, closely held stock has to be more than 50% of the total value of the adjusted gross estate to qualify for "death tax" redemption benefits. If your estate plan was drawn up

under the old 35% rule, a revision may be necessary to protect your family from a substantial income tax problem.

The same Act, however, offers some new opportunities for the knowledgeable planner. For example, estate taxes on a qualified family business can now be paid in installments over a 15-year period, with the executor electing to pay only interest—at a preferential rate of 4% on all or a substantial portion of the tax—for the first five years.

Legislative changes like these can have a significant impact on your estate. If you have not reviewed your plan recently, you should do so now with the help of your planning team: your accountant, your attorney and your First Chicago Planning Counselor.

Family Goal Specialists.

Whatever you own—closely held business interests, income property or securities—First Chicago can provide you with a strong financial link to the future. For more information, write or call Joseph Migely, Vice President. (312) 732-4300.

Assistant Vice President Loyal Wilson (left) inspects new equipment at one of the many family businesses we monitor as executor or trustee.



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Letters

Catching rays and tilting at windmills won't take us into the 21st century; nuclear power will.

Christine Lenihan
Oak Ridge, Tenn.

As a nuclear physicist trained in the '50s, I have been appalled at the low level on which the nuclear energy debate has been conducted. When dozens of workers are killed in an oil refinery explosion, no one suggests that we abandon the use of fossil fuels. When a water pipe in a nuclear reactor develops a hairline fracture, hysteria follows. Nuclear reactor safety is a highly quantitative and technical matter. It is high time that responsible journalism calls for rational discourse.

James C. Carter, S.J., President
Loyola University
New Orleans

Words, words, words! It's so terribly sad that nothing less than a disaster will awaken the Peter Stolars of this world to the incredible dangers of nuclear power.

Patricia McClelland
Denver

Stoler depicts an America that *must* have nuclear power to satisfy the cravings of an industrialized, electrified society. The young opponents of nuclear power, by contrast, envision a future America in which energy production is decentralized, suited to specific needs. No one denies that we require energy to have a functioning society. The real question is: According to what vision of life?

David W. Harris
Corvallis, Ore.

Grants to Guerrillas

It is to be hoped that cries of moral outrage will emanate from all parts of the world in protest against the World Council of Churches' latest investment in lawless terrorism and murder, its grant to the Patriotic Front in Rhodesia [Oct. 2]. Unless W.C.C. member churches protest loudly or withdraw their support, or both, what is to deter the council from continuing such irresponsible gifts to left-wing guerrilla organizations in the future?

Joseph M. Hopkins
New Wilmington, Pa.

The quotation "We can't help it if the missionaries get killed" under the picture of World Council of Churches General Secretary Philip Potter gives a very strong impression that this callous remark was made by him, rather than by a guerrilla commander.

Nelda Wood
Pittsburgh

Pleasure Drives

Three cheers for the prostitutes [Oct. 2]. When will the lawmakers of this country realize that crimes of violence result di-

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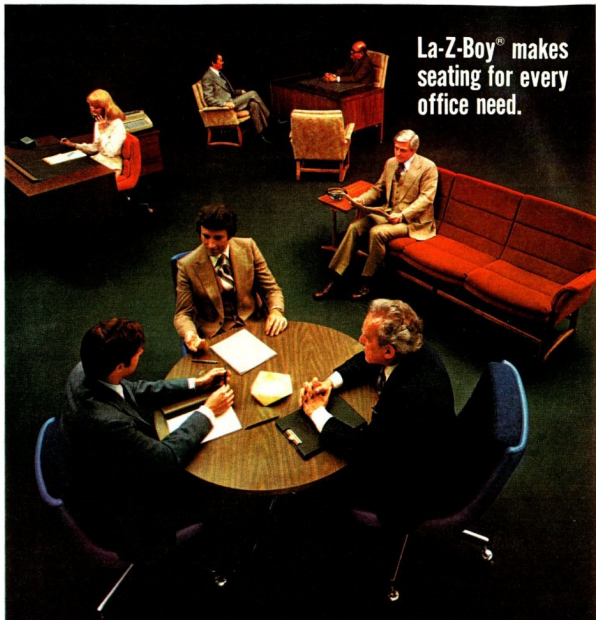


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Ed*

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Time _____

Letters

rectly from repression of the pleasure drives? The obvious solution is to leave the ladies to their trade and let the puritans leave the rest to God. Perhaps then the cops can do what they're paid to do instead of harassing innocent people.

Seymour Barnsworth
Santa Clara, Calif.

Happy and Gifted

For 62 years I have been the spiritual leader of the Wilshire Boulevard Temple in Los Angeles. Among our large congregation have been many comedians. Jack Benny and Eddie Cantor were members until their death.

I haven't discovered that the comedy in most Jewish comedians [Oct. 2] is the result of "a defense mechanism to ward off the aggression and hostility of others." Nor are they "ambivalent about their Jewishness and compulsively turn to humor to ward off their private demons." The majority of them just happen to be very normal people who are gifted with wit and a natural sense of humor. They are marvelous storytellers.

Rabbi Edgar F. Magnin
Los Angeles

A comedian who makes more than \$100,000 a year might not be happy, but I am willing to bet he is laughing all the way to the bank.

Susan Schneider
Lincolnwood, Ill.

While I cannot argue about the unusually large number of Jewish comedians in relation to their percentage of the population, I do think there is one point that you overlooked completely: the total lack of any humor in the Christian religions. Naturally those who are exposed to less merriment will be less likely to pursue a career in comedy.

Morris Green
Louisville

The Shepherd and the Psalm

The staging of Bible material, like Alec McCowen's recital of the Gospel of St. Mark [Sept. 18], can have unexpected results. An actor had delivered the 23rd Psalm before an enthralled audience. Days later he heard an old rector read it in church. "The Lord is my Shepherd..." After the service he grasped the rector's hand with the words, "Sir, I know the Psalm, but you know the Shepherd."

(The Rev.) Wynne Jones
Cork, Eire

Free the Thousands

All the reasons given in support of Patty Hearst's pardon [Oct. 2] make sense, not only for her, but for thousands of others in jail who did not choose the backgrounds, events and circumstances that were a prelude to the crimes of which

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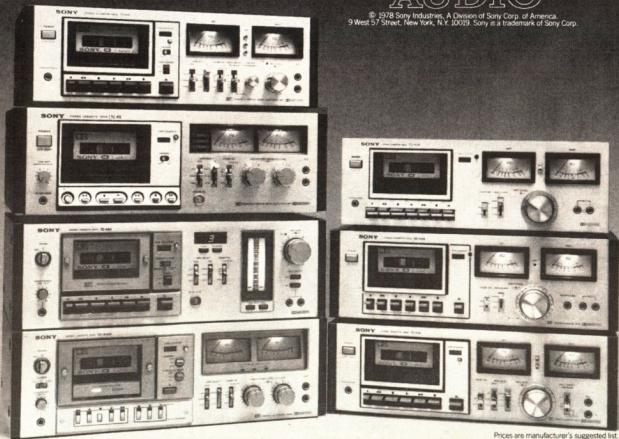
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Letters

they were convicted and for which our legal system decided to hold them responsible. By all means, free Patty. But then free the others too.

*Dorothy Barnhouse
San Francisco*

Patty Hearst is in jail because she is the daughter of a wealthy man.

*Richard W. Kelly
Allentown, Pa.*

Too Tough?

I commend you for giving recognition to the equestrian Three-Day World Championships [Oct. 2] and to a sport that has been in the background for years but is growing in popularity. However, I find it appalling that this phase of competition causes the death or near death of horses. It is time changes occurred to allow horses to remain healthy and still bring honor to the U.S.

*Constance Budge
Annandale, Va.*

CENTO, the Bath

Please don't give up on CENTO, the Central Treaty Organization [Sept. 18], just because the dictionary definition of "cento" is "a patchwork of incongruous parts." Actually, the word has another meaning in Japanese: "a public bath," where people share the feeling of togetherness in a very natural way. Isn't that one of the most desirable connotations for such an alliance?

*Yoshihito Shimada
Tokyo*

United Crowndom

The city of Woonsocket's quick abandonment of the term personhole for manhole [Oct. 2] gives hope that the United Kingdom can avoid the temptation to change its designation periodically to United Quendom or permanently to United Crowndom.

*John F. Elsbree
Brighton, Mass.*

The Charming

I totally missed the connection between Roger Gicquel and Walter Cronkite in your uncritical portrait of the French TV anchorman [Sept. 25]. I never noticed any pompous morbidity or any Christ complex in Cronkite. The old man is a charmer because there are wisdom and warmth in his restraint. Besides, he has a quiet sense of humor that his younger imitator lacks. As a Frenchman I feel I deserve better than Roger Gicquel.

*Philippe Michelot
Clermont-Ferrand, France*

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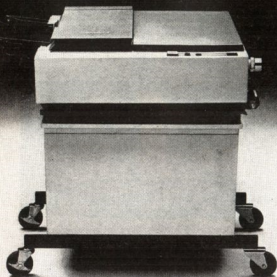
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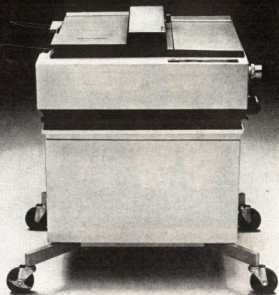
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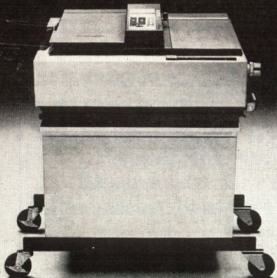
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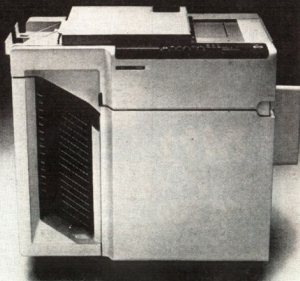
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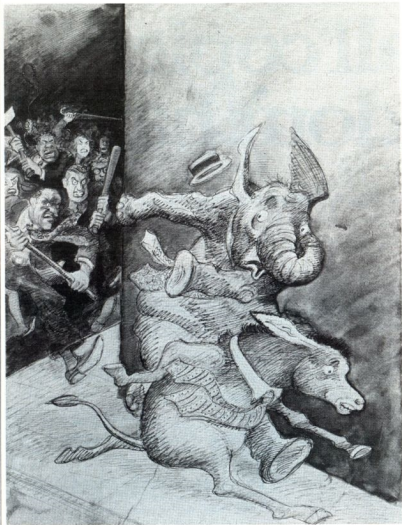
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COVER STORIES

The Tax-Slashing Campaign

Money worries and a mood of irritation mark the election season of 1978



ate went on a spree of special tax cutting for special groups. It voted to boost the capital gains tax exemption from 50% to 60%, to grant deductions for parents with children in private schools and colleges, and to preserve the legendary three-martini lunch. Carter denounced the Senate votes as "inflationary" and "unfair." He threatened to veto the bill unless the House and Senate worked out a compromise that was more to his liking.

These concerns have been reverberating throughout the nation in the closing weeks of the 1978 election campaign. As always, the contest is a patchwork of local conflicts. All 435 House seats are at stake, along with 35 Senate seats, 36 governorships and most state and local offices. Nobody expects any radical changes in party strengths; the Democrats will probably retain their 61-vote margin in the Senate and lose only half a dozen of their 287 seats in the House, a bleak prospect for the Republicans in an off-year election. In much of the country, indeed, many key issues are purely regional—motorboat restrictions in Minnesota's Boundary Waters canoe area, a city charter revision in Philadelphia, a referendum on homosexual teachers in California—yet the money question is not only the dominant national issue but also the principal local one. And although the national temper is by no means so angry as is sometimes reported, it seems to be skeptical, self-centered and mistrustful of attempts to direct it.

Inside the Foley Cultural Center in Vallejo, Calif., the mood was festive even though the star attraction, Governor Jerry Brown, was late arriving. The ebullient Democrats of Solano County were celebrating, and the Governor seemed almost incidental. When Brown finally showed up, he was affectionately surrounded, cheered and heckled. If he has made an art of not taking himself too seriously, the audience had much the same attitude. Introducing the Governor, State Assemblyman Mike Gage asked, "Is there anyone in the audience who Jerry Brown has not irritated over the last four years?" All roared in agreement that they had been sufficiently irritated. Off to one side, a group began to chant, "Rome in '78! Rome in '78!" as though Brown might be a dark horse for the papacy. "You know he has an advancement in Rome?" remarked a supporter.

Taxes, taxes, taxes! Ever since the resounding triumph of California's Proposition 13 last June, the nation has been shuddering with a kind of tax-cutting fever. Even at a time of prosperity, with the economy humming along at a trillion-dollar rate, poll after poll shows Americans in a mood of irritation and resentment about the amount of money they have to spend on the public needs. Tax-cutting measures of all sorts have sprouted in state legislatures and on local ballots. And as Americans prepare

to go to the polls next month in the quadrennial confusion of off-year elections, taxes and the related problems of inflation and Big Government form just about the only national issue.

In Washington last week, President Carter and Congress confronted each other in a complex clash over the federal income tax. Carter had proposed a slash of \$17 billion, combined with a number of "reforms" aimed largely at business and middle-class taxpayers. The House rejected most of the reforms, and then the Sen-

PHIL WITTE FOR TIME



California Governor Brown confronts local character at Columbus Day parade in San Diego

"I'm a human being. I make mistakes. But I listen to you and I get things done."

The night was an illustration of the current politics of irreverence. Though Brown stands to win re-election by as many as a million votes, enough to launch his shot at the White House in 1980, he is tolerated rather than adulated in today's political climate. The public, in fact, seems to be suspicious of politicians of all kinds. "This is the strangest political mood I have ever encountered," says Mike Bakalis, the hard-driving Democratic candidate who faces an uphill battle for the Illinois governorship against the popular incumbent, Jim Thompson. "I've never seen an electorate more apathetic, more cynical and more unbelieving than this one." The same lament is made by the ever cheerful Republican Senator from Tennessee, Howard Baker, who is running far ahead of Democrat Jane Eskind. "There is anxiety, even animosity out there," he muses, sounding as if he were talking about a strange foreign land. "They tend to bite the first ankle that walks by them." Trying to explain how he came from practically nowhere to win an upset victory in the G.O.P. primary for Governor of Wisconsin, Lee Dreyfus declares, "Something is happening. It's that antiparty, antipolitical feeling."

This feeling takes the form—symbolically as well as practically—of cutting taxes. Not everyone agrees how government spending should be reduced, though welfare appears at the top of most lists. People simply want tax relief; they will

worry about the consequences later. Just about every politician with a prayer of getting elected is offering some kind of tax-cutting program. And it had better be generous. Dick Lamm, Democratic Governor of Colorado, is perplexed by the "excess of expectations. I've lowered the tax rolls, cut spending and brought more federal money back to the state. Yet people are saying, 'What has he done?'" Referendums putting limits on taxing or spending or both will appear on the ballots in 16 states. Voters in Michigan have their choice of three different propositions, including one that forbids the use of property taxes for operating schools without providing any alternatives for raising the

money. A property-tax rollback on the ballot in Oregon is the main issue of the gubernatorial campaign. Democratic Governor Bob Straub, who opposes the proposition, is trailing ten points in the polls. His G.O.P. opponent, State Senator Victor Atiyeh, supports the proposal. Says he: "The voices I hear tell me that the people of Oregon want an absolute limit on their tax rates."

If the *vox populi* is loud and clear on the subject of taxes, it also is sending a vital subliminal message of growing disillusionment with big, wasteful government. "Proposition 13 has been oversimplified and sensationalized," says Pollster Pat Caddell. "The set of frustrations out there is larger than just taxes." Polling indicates that public dissatisfaction with government has risen at a much faster rate than resentment over taxes. A survey in *Public Opinion*, the periodical published by the Washington-based American Enterprise Institute, shows that hostility to income and property taxes has increased by only nine percentage points over the past 20 years, while the proportion of Americans who believe that government is wasteful has jumped from 46% in 1958 to 80% today. A special Yankelovich poll for *TIME* indicates that while most Americans rather unrealistically believe reduced taxes need not mean reduced services, they think the saving can come by cutting bureaucratic fat (see page 26).

Democrats and Republicans agree that government is under fire as never before. Says Phil Lewis, president-elect of the Florida senate: "The general feeling is that we've got about as much government as the people can stand." Size alone, however, is not the trouble. "There's the equity question," says Senator Gaylord Nelson, a Wisconsin Democrat. "People are willing to bear quite a bit of the burden if it's fairly shared. They get upset when they see that it's not." All too true, agrees David Pryor, Democratic Governor of Arkansas. "It's not the amount of taxes, it's how they're used. Proposition 13 is the taxpayers' way of expressing rage at a system that's laughing at them."

In its current mood, the public seems

Proposition 13 Author Howard Jarvis at dinner sponsored by United Taxpayers of New Jersey





Democrat Pete Flaherty asking for support at gubernatorial fund-raiser in Philadelphia
A racketeer did him a favor by denouncing him as a "nitwit."

disposed to favor candidates who promise the least instead of the most, a dramatic switch from the chicken-in-every-pot, two-cars-in-every-garage philosophy of the past. "The public has gotten off the spending binge," says Deloss Walker, a Memphis political consultant who engineered the surprise victory of Businessman Fob James in the Democratic gubernatorial primary in Alabama. "People feel they themselves have tightened their belts, but the political leadership has not."

Increasingly, voters seem to be turning to relatively obscure businessmen to run state governments. A variety of millionaires won victories in this year's gubernatorial primaries: Democrats Robert Graham in Florida and Jake Butcher in Tennessee; Republicans William Clements in Texas and Jack Eckerd in Florida. "I am not a lawyer," boasts ex-Wall Street Charles ("Pug") Ravenel, who is running against veteran Republican Senator Strom Thurmond in South Carolina. Candidates who have never met a payroll, Ravenel argues, are not equipped to balance budgets. "I think we have a crisis of management in government. To solve public problems, we must energize the private sector and encourage it to take the initiative."

All the stress on bread-and-butter issues—inflation, taxes and spending—has blurred party distinctions, sometimes beyond the point of recognition. Democrats are sounding like Republicans, or even more so. Specifically, Democrats have been quick to sense, and act on, the popular support for some traditional Republican arguments. "It's beginning to look like everybody is in the same party," says

Utah's Republican Congressman Dan Marriott. In Oklahoma, a Democratic wit sums up the formula for success at the polls: "If you have a Democrat who walks, talks and acts like a Republican, then you have a lead-pipe cinch to win." Democratic Representative Abner Mikva of Illinois, long known as one of the most liberal members of Congress, is trying to live down his reputation in this election. He tells voters that no other member of the Illinois congressional delegation has voted against more spending bills.

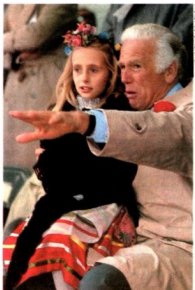
By nature, Mike Bakalis appears to be a fatalist. On a bumpy flight between Peoria and Bloomington, Ill., he admitted that he would fly in almost any weather. "When your time comes to go down, then you go down," he explained. With similar stoicism, he has learned to cope with political buffeting. Asked where he

Jane Eskind campaigning with Jake Butcher



stands in the political spectrum, he replied without hesitation, "Right of center"—words that would not have been uttered by a leading Democrat in a big industrial state a few years ago.

The conservative shift starts at the top of the party. For President Carter, this represents not so much a change as a return to his original strategy. At the beginning of his presidential campaign, he portrayed himself as a budget balancer, then gradually moved to the left after his nomination. In his first year in office he supported a boost in Social Security taxes, a phased hike in the minimum wage, which will reach \$3.35 in 1981, and spending programs to combat unemployment. But as inflation has become the No. 1 domestic economic problem, he can now revert to positions that appear to be more comfortable for him and give him a bet-



Duryea courts support at Pulaski Day parade

ter chance of re-election in 1980. Although many critics have attacked him for fumbling and indecisiveness, the successful summit conference at Camp David has altered that public perception. Though many Democratic candidates try to avoid identification with the Carter Administration, the President himself is not an issue in the campaign.

Carter's shift of stance on economic affairs has been modest compared with that of his rival in California. Up to primary day, Jerry Brown opposed Proposition 13; when it was approved, he became an overnight convert and began to talk as if the whole thing had been his idea in the first place. People laughed and scoffed, but Brown seems to have survived the flip-flop with votes to spare. The latest survey shows him 25 points ahead of his lackluster Republican opponent, State Attorney General Evelle Younger, whose campaign style is unkindly com-



Lamm running

Nation



King greeting supporters in Medford, Mass.



Tower at football game in Silsbee, Texas

pared to a mashed-potato sandwich.

While denouncing taxes with reborn evangelical fervor, Brown has skillfully muted the effects of Proposition 13 by distributing an accumulated revenue surplus of \$4 billion to communities deprived of property tax revenues. He also signed a bill in August cutting personal income taxes by \$1 billion next year, a move that will save each taxpaying family an average of \$150. For this behavior, Brown has not won the endorsement but certainly the blessing of the most popular figure in the state, Howard Jarvis, author of Proposition 13. Jarvis originally appeared in a TV ad praising Younger for successfully opposing the legal challenge to Proposition 13. But then the tax cutter decided to help out the Governor as well. He cut a tape praising Brown: "Sure, I wrote Proposition 13, but it takes a dedicated Governor to make it work."

TIME's Los Angeles Bureau Chief William Rademakers followed Brown one day last week as the Governor took



Illinois Republican Governor Jim Thompson appeals for votes during Sunday parade in Skokie
Says a Senator: "There's anxiety out there. They tend to bite the first ankle that walks by."

his message to varied groups of voters. Boarding the chartered Learjet at Los Angeles, Brown first flipped through the morning papers, stopping at a story that reported unemployment statistics down. Jabbing his finger at the item, he said, "Government is flattening out. The private sector is pushing forward." Noting that corporate profits in California are double the national average, he said he expects the 1979 state surplus to be as large as this year's. So despite all the grim forebodings, no sharp cutbacks in public spending are anticipated.

Arriving in San Diego, Brown took his place at the head of a Columbus Day parade. With a red carnation natty tucked in the lapel of a sober gray suit, he waved, shook hands and shouted, "How are ya?" or "¿Cómo

está?" Sitting in the reviewing stand, he showed a flash of anger when a reporter touched on one of those troubling matters of the gubernatorial style. He wanted to know if Brown had ever smoked marijuana. "I've answered that before," snapped the Governor, turning his head

away. As the morning grew hotter, Brown doffed his jacket to give a brief speech in the 105° F. heat in Brawley, a town in the arid Imperial Valley. "Taxes are going down," he declared. "I didn't have much to do with Proposition 13. That was the other fella. But I did sign a \$1 billion tax cut, the largest in the history of California. I have given you four years of prosperity, and now I'm asking you to let me consolidate, to give me four more years. I don't say everything is perfect. I'm a human being. I



Above: Eckerd at fish fry in Sebastian, Fla. Below: Hill celebrating birthday in San Antonio





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The Crown Jewel of England.

A noted lexicographer observes that the expression "crown jewel" applies not only to crowns and sceptres, or artifacts of gold and precious stones.

The term "crown jewel" can refer to the crowning achievement, the most shining example, of any form of craftsmanship or art.

It is in this sense that we refer to Beefeater® Gin as The Crown Jewel of England.

Beefeater has long been acknowledged the crowning achievement of the distiller's art in London, home of the world's driest, most delicate gin.

Indeed, there is in the distilling of Beefeater a remarkable resemblance to the art of the great jeweler. A distilling run consists of an unblemished middle, or "heart," and of "foreshots and feints," the beginning and end of the run, which are flawed and out of balance.

Beefeater is literally all heart. Because a Beefeater stillman, like a master jewel-cutter, will preserve only the choice, flawless "heart," thus assuring you of an unblemished jewel of a gin, a gin of brilliance and clarity.

A perfect gin, like a perfect gem, will glow with highlights. In Beefeater, each

flavor contributes a highlight of its own. But each highlight serves not to blind the partaker with its own brilliance, nor to upset the delicate balance of flavors; but rather to flatter the blending as a whole.

Thus the designation of Beefeater as The Crown Jewel would appear to be highly appropriate.

But why The Crown Jewel of *England*?

Beefeater is The Crown Jewel of England because Beefeater is *distilled* in England, in London itself (just a cobblestone's throw from the Tower of London).

Beefeater's London heritage is of critical importance.

London is the home, for one thing, of the proud Beefeater stillmen. It is the city where stillmanship is esteemed as art, and Beefeater stillmen as master artists.

Beefeater is the only major imported gin distilled, bottled, and sealed at the distillery in London, where no detail can escape the watchful eyes of its proprietors.

So a gin by any other name may possibly be called a copy of Beefeater, but never its equal.

There is only one Beefeater.

The Crown Jewel of England.

BEEFEATER® GIN The Crown Jewel of England.

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make mistakes. I change my mind. But I listen to you and I get things done." Later in the afternoon, Brown joined some black politicians at a meeting in a shopping center in Riverside. "Did you watch the game?" he asked as he shook hands. "The Dodgers won." Brown, in fact, had not watched the game, but he has mastered the knack of small talk. While his mostly black audience sipped cocktails and soft drinks and ate guacamole, Brown made his familiar pitch: "Campaigns are three things—taxes, jobs and crime. Taxes are going down, jobs are going up, and we have the most aggressive campaign against crime that we've had in a quarter-century."

Next stop: a bar in Riverside. "Hey, what's happening?" barked Brown, as he strode in. "How about a beer for me? I've got money." Ten minutes later, Brown was gone. Winging back to Los Angeles (though the Governor remarked that he might prefer to head for the Santa Monica airport—presumably because it is closer to Malibu, home of his close companion, Singer Linda Ronstadt), Brown explained his attempt to blend liberal and conservative positions. "It's what I call mixing frugality with compassion. The people want fiscal responsibility and openness and experimental government. Anti-race lining, antigay regulations and farm labor laws—all these are compatible with a fairly hard fiscal policy. But just to fund everything in the public sector, I don't see that. The folks don't want it."

Some of the other races in which Democrats are trying to outpromise Republicans on the question of fiscal responsibility:

MASSACHUSETTS. In perhaps the most consistently liberal state in the nation, Edward J. King, a onetime guard for the Buffalo Bills and Baltimore Colts, preached tax-cutting to unseat incumbent Governor Michael Dukakis in the Democratic primary. Dukakis and liberals around the country are still not sure exactly what hit him. "Incumbentitis," the mere fact of holding office in this surprising, restless year, was doubtless a factor. In addition, Dukakis, though far from a big-spending liberal, had raised taxes after promising in his 1974 campaign that he would not. King is clearly to the right of his Republican opponent, Francis Whiting Hatch Jr., a proper Yankee of venerable lineage who is attracting the support of many liberal Democrats. Hatch, who proposes moderate tax relief, describes King's plan to cut property taxes by \$1.3 billion over a three-year period as a "fiscal fantasy."

MINNESOTA. Second only to the Bay State in its staunch liberalism, Minnesota has a Democratic candidate for the Senate no less conservative than King. Businessman Robert Short defeated liberal Congressman Donald Fraser in the primary, part-



Minnesota advertising for Senatorial Candidate Short

Victories for those who know how to balance budgets.

ly by calling for a whopping \$100 billion cut (i.e. 20%) in the federal budget. Short's Independent-Republican opponent, David Durenberger, claims that such a slash would be a "disaster for the needy. We cannot afford either on humanitarian or economic terms such an unrealistic Short cut." Vice President Walter Mondale and state labor leaders then persuaded Short to say that his \$100 billion budget cut was a goal, not an immediate prospect.

FLORIDA. Taxes are relatively light in this state, but the economic issues are as heavy as elsewhere. The question is which gubernatorial candidate can move further to the right. Millionaire Druggstore Owner Jack Eckerd promises to put as much money into the race as "it takes to win." He is urging a state constitutional limit on taxes and spending. "The state government is the biggest business in Florida," he tells crowds. "And that's where my record has been. I'm going to use a lot of businesspeople to help solve some of our problems." His Democratic opponent, State Senator Robert Graham, wants to put a two-year freeze on all property taxes and establish a tax-reform commission. He claims to know the value of a buck, since he worked at 100 different jobs—from plumber to stable hand to cigar maker—during the primary campaign.

NEW JERSEY. The governorship is not at stake, but taxes provide the key issue in a zestful senatorial race. Conservative Republican Jeff Bell scored an upset primary victory over incumbent Senator Clif-

ford Case by calling for a steep federal income tax cut along with sizable reductions in federal spending. Waving a dollar bill in front of audiences, Bell demands a return to a sound currency. Not to be outdone, Democratic Candidate Bill Bradley advocates a \$25 billion federal income tax cut that will largely benefit people who earn less than \$40,000 a year. At the same time, he reminds voters that the Federal Government has the responsibility to provide for basic human needs, such as health, education and employment. He also makes frequent reference to the time he was a star on the New York Knicks basketball team. "You know, I spent a lot of years running around in short pants in drafty arenas. And I think we shared moments of triumph, moments of sadness, moments of intense pressure."

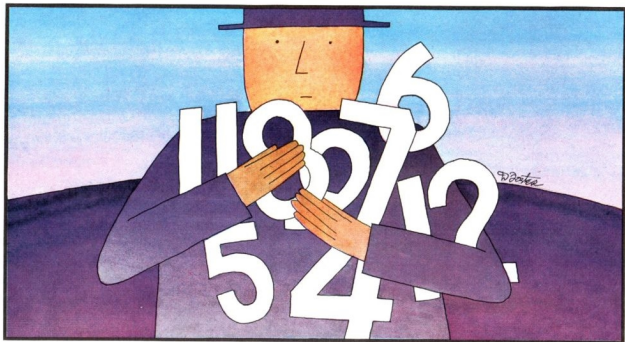
CONNECTICUT. In a tight race for Governor, Democratic Incumbent Ella Grasso has discovered that a chief problem is her own rather earthy personality. An old-school politician who gives as well as she gets, Grasso called her primary opponent an s.o.b., among other things. Her Republican adversary, Congressman Ronald Sarasin, faults her for substantially increasing the state budget. But Grasso has produced a surplus for three successive years, and she has proposed sales and business tax cuts for the 1979 budget. Sarasin is leading a petition drive for a state-constitution ban on an income tax and a limit on spending. He says of the 50,000 people who have signed to date: "I see them as supporting the concept. I hope they support me."

PENNSYLVANIA. Democrat Pete Flaherty is considered ahead in the Governor's race, partly because he was a penny pincher even before Proposition 13. As mayor of Pittsburgh, he trimmed the city payroll by about 25% and reduced real estate taxes. Even so, neither Flaherty nor his G.O.P. opponent, Richard Thornburgh, is calling for a state tax cut, since Pennsylvania is running a small deficit. Instead, both are proposing constitutional amendments to limit state spending. As U.S. Attorney for Western Pennsylvania, Thornburgh sent some 200 gangsters and corrupt public officials to prison. But one of these, Numbers Racketeer Anthony Grosso, is getting revenge. He is ostentatiously supporting Thornburgh and distributing literature calling Flaherty a "nitwit." Complains Thornburgh: "Sabotage."

NEW YORK. The Empire State has the highest taxes in the nation, and both sides favor cuts. But there are personal differences. When a Democratic state senator asked if he could make an appointment with Governor Hugh Carey, he was informed that the Governor did not like to meet people. That attitude seems to typify the current campaign. Carey is mark-

Low-tar Parliament

Choose more than just a number.



Any low-tar cigarette will give you a low-tar number. But there's something else that you should consider. We call it "filter feedback."



As you smoke, tar builds up on the tip of your cigarette filter. That's "filter feedback." Ordinary flush-tipped filters put that tar buildup flat against your lips.

And that's where low-tar Parliament has the advantage. Parliament's filter is recessed to keep tar buildup from touching your lips. So there's no "filter feedback." All you get is that smooth Parliament taste.



9 mg
Kings
12 mg
100's

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 9 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—
100's: 12 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report, May '78.

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1979 RABBIT. THE CAR EVERYBODY'S TRYING TO COPY.

No wonder.

How often does a car come along with the Rabbit's combination of engineering, performance, space and handling?

And when you realize that even General Motors named our Rabbit the best of five economy cars tested, including one of their own, it's not surprising that the Rabbit became the best-selling import in Detroit.

So you can't blame people for trying to make their cars look like ours.

But to look like a Rabbit



is not to be a Rabbit.

The Rabbit is available with a C.I.S. fuel-injected engine. The copies aren't.

Not all the copies match our Rabbit's room. For example, the Ford Fiesta has only 2/3 as much trunk space as the Rabbit. As a matter of fact, the Rabbit has more trunk space than a \$90,000 Rolls. And more passenger space than 35 other cars on the market.

And after testing the 13 most popular '78 economy cars in America, here's what the editors of Car and Driver had to

say: "The Rabbit's total design is more astute than that of any other car in this test ... And painstaking year-to-year refinement has made the Rabbit good at everything it does."

Of course, this excellence has a price. The Rabbit costs slightly more than its imitators. But as the editors so aptly put it, "...the Rabbit delivers on the investment."

Four years ago, other car manufacturers bought our Rabbits by the dozens. Then took them apart to see how we did it. Now we're beginning to

see the fruits of that labor.

One of these days, they may even get it right.

**VOLKSWAGEN
DOES IT
AGAIN**





The "Lost Dutchman" gold mine. Legend says it's near the place where we hid a case of C.C.

We heard tales of hidden gold in the mountains east of Phoenix. They tell how miners who discovered it were mysteriously massacred. How an old prospector, "The Dutchman," rediscovered it. And how he, too, took its secret to the grave.

We searched the same canyons the Dutchman had followed.

These mountains seemed a natural place to hide a case of Canadian Club. So we found a wrangler, and with our C.C. tied on a surefooted mule, we set out. We would seek a hiding place among the sites of the Dutchman's legend...and perhaps his gold too. His



last words were about a needle-like rock near his mine. So we kept such a rock in sight as we followed narrow canyons.

C.C. and mountain stream water.

With nightfall, we pitched camp

below the needle-rock, and toasted our saddle sores with C.C. Next day we rode northwest to a well-traveled "Indian trail" and soon buried the Canadian Club. To find it, seek a place on that trail where the needle-rock is in sight, then head for lakes that weren't here when the Dutchman was.

A strange rock, an abandoned camp.

Seek the rock pictured here (it won't look this way from the trail) and ride toward it. Follow a trail that's more stream bed in places, past a lone cactus that grows from a high rock outcropping, to the end. Near here we made camp again 'neath a small tree where the distant needle-rock can be seen. Within sight of our fire, we buried our case of Canadian Club.

We wish you better luck in your search for the buried case of Canadian Club than those who've sought the Dutchman's gold. But be warned: this rugged country is unforgiving. So if the trail seems too rigorous, you can strike it rich at any bar or package store. Just say, "C.C., please."



Get more clues by calling 800 221-4686.
In N. Y. State 800 522-7517; in N. Y. City 800 526-7501.

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Nation

edly ill at ease making small talk with the folks, though he excels at defending his record in office. If he wins re-election, much of the credit will go to Media Consultant David Garth, who has managed to convey a livelier image of the Governor. The Republican candidate, silver-haired Perry Duryea, is a millionaire Long Island lobsterman who has spent 18 years in the state assembly. He is attacking Carney for vetoing a bill to restore capital punishment, an issue that predominates in crime-plagued New York City. By mounting a phone operation that reaches some 400,000 city voters, mostly in Queens and The Bronx, Duryea hopes to reduce the usual huge Democratic majority and thus win the election.

TEXAS. Again a personality clash between two conservative candidates. "I think the race is getting to be more fun all the time," says William Clements, the multi-millionaire oil-drilling contractor who is running for Governor. Clements' idea of fun is to skewer his Democratic opponent, Texas Attorney General John Hill, whom he derides as a "claims lawyer and a career politician." When Hill accused Clements of resorting to "Nixon-style Watergate tricks," the Republican replied: "Hill seems a little sensitive to me." The main campaign issue is how to spend the state's \$3 billion surplus; no matter which candidate wins, the taxpayers are sure to get some relief.

The Republicans are bewildered and outraged by the way the Democrats have appropriated the traditional G.O.P. issue of fiscal prudence. "There's a law against shoplifting," says Michigan Congressman Elford Cederberg. "We ought to have a law against issue-lifting." Adds Mike Thompson, head of the Florida Conservative Union: "Republicans must be sharp enough to point out that the Democrats are stealing our issue. If we let them get away with it, we have no one to blame but ourselves. The theft of an issue becomes an issue."

Or does it? Most Americans do not seem to care who lowers their taxes and reduces spending as long as somebody does it. Beyond that, the Republican Party is still perceived as the organ of big business that is most at home in a country-club setting. Surveys show that a majority of the public believes the Democrats, who ran up the spending in the first place, are best equipped to bring it down again. In good times and bad, they are expected to look after the common man.

In an effort to change the G.O.P. image and arouse voter excitement, many Republicans have been trying a different tactic this campaign. They have been championing the Kemp-Roth bill, which calls for a 33% federal income tax cut over a three-year period. The measure is based on the theory of Economist Arthur

Laffer, who argues that a tax reduction would stimulate business activity, which in turn would generate new tax revenues to make up for the lower tax rates. Republicans have thus been able to urge tax cuts without having to say what programs should be cut—implying that there is a delectably free lunch after all. But it has not been an easy message to sell to an electorate skeptical of political promises. For many conservatives, it is too extreme a departure from traditional doctrine.

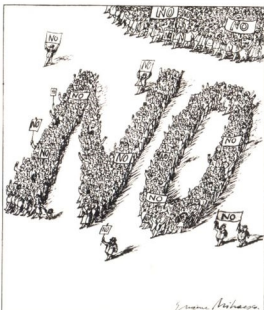
Trying to drum up support for Kemp-Roth, a group of Republican leaders, including New York Congressman Jack Kemp, toured the country for three days last month in what they called a "tax blitz." At the cost of \$150,000 for the trip, the Republicans figured they got \$2.5 million in free publicity. But their live audiences were hardly worth the effort. In

posals, a certain number of voters will respond by not responding. "People are going to vote with their feet by not going to the polls," asserts Caddell, who anticipates an alltime low turnout. Others will focus all their attention on a single issue. Former President Gerald Ford, for one, worries that single-issue interest groups—for and against abortion or gun-control or environmental regulations, etc.—will increasingly determine election outcomes. He told TIME Chicago Bureau Chief Benjamin Cate that such groups pose "dangerous ramifications for the two-party system." Business associations, he feels, are also becoming too narrowly focused on single issues. The proliferating political action committees, financed by private corporations, unions or associations, are solely concerned with the passage of particular legislation, not with broader party and national problems. "Our professional managers," said Ford, "have become political neutrals."

How long will the conservative climate last, and how far will it go? Few political experts will hazard a guess. They are all too aware of the dizzying changes in U.S. politics. Only a decade ago, many prophets were foreseeing an era of accelerating radicalism; that did not occur. Perhaps there is no more consistent conservative in Congress than Texas Republican Senator John Tower, a laconic politician who uses a pithy campaign slogan, HE STANDS FOR TEXAS, and that, son, speaks for itself. On a campaign flight between Texarkana and San Antonio, Tower expressed a sense of vindication at the turn of events: "What is happening is what we said would happen all along. Eventually, Government would get so big that it would become oppressive."

How much Americans will be willing to cut back Government remains to be seen. For the moment, of course, the liberals are on the de-

fensive. Their candidates have taken to wearing camouflage, and many of their traditional policies have been abandoned. Paradoxically, Ted Kennedy is a favorite in the presidential polls even though he remains pretty much of a traditional liberal. But his popularity probably has more to do with his personal magnetism and his family name than with his policies per se. If party lines are blurred and issues confused, however, that does not mean that leadership is out of style. On the contrary, at such a time a candidate's personal qualities become more crucial. "Respect for personal integrity is at an alltime high," says Caddell. Wayne Youngquist, a sociologist at Marquette University, makes a similar point: "People want leaders with vision rather than programs." Even if conservatism is overtaking liberalism and individualism is prized over collective action, vision is always in demand and often rewarded at the polls. ■



Detroit, only a small fraction of the 1,000 people invited to a breakfast bothered to turn up. The group drew a mere 30 spectators at a gathering in a backyard in Brooklyn. G.O.P. National Chairman Bill Brock told the Brooklynites: "The average New Yorker pays \$800 more in federal income tax today than four years ago. I think that's insane." His audience agreed, but still seemed a bit baffled by the Kemp-Roth 33% solution. As Ann Hickey told the Republicans at a subsequent stop in Upper Darby, Pa.: "I just don't see how you can cut taxes without cutting services, and I want to know what services are going to be cut." The still untested Kemp-Roth theory may prove to be reasonably correct, but G.O.P. Congressman John Anderson of Illinois sardonically admits: "The average voter does not understand how the Laffer curve works, and neither do I."

Offered such a host of plans and pro-

WITH WHAT MINOLTA KNOWS ABOUT CAMERAS AND WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT YOURSELF, WE CAN MAKE BEAUTIFUL PICTURES TOGETHER.

If you've considered buying a 35mm single lens reflex camera, you may have wondered how to find the right one out of the bewildering array of models and features available.

And with good reason, since the camera you choose will have a lot to do with how creative and rewarding your photography will be.

What you pay for your camera shouldn't be your only consideration, especially since there are some very expensive cameras that won't give you some of the features you really need. So ask yourself how you'll be using the camera and what kind of pictures you'll be taking. Your answers could save a lot of money.

How automatic should your camera be?

Basically, there are two kinds of automatic 35mm SLR's. Both use advanced electronics to give you perfectly exposed pictures with point, focus and shoot simplicity. The difference is in creative control.

For landscapes, still lifes, portraits and the like, you'll want an *aperture priority* camera. It lets you set the lens opening, while it sets the

shutter speed automatically.

This way, you control depth-of-field. That's the area of sharpness in front of and behind your subject. Many pro photographers believe that depth-of-field is the most important factor in creative photography.

At times you may want to control the motion of your subject. You can do this with an *aperture-priority* camera by changing the lens opening until the camera sets the shutter speed necessary to freeze or blur a moving subject. Or you can use a *shutter-priority* camera, on which you set the shutter speed first and the camera sets the lens automatically.

Minolta makes both types of automatic cameras. The Minolta XG-7 is moderately priced and offers aperture-priority automation, plus fully manual control. The Minolta XD-11 is somewhat more expensive, but it offers all the creative flexibility of both aperture and shutter-priority automation, plus full manual control. The XD-11 is so advanced that during shutter-priority

operation it will actually make exposure corrections you fail to make.

Do you really need an automatic camera?

Automation makes fine photography easier. But if you do some of the work yourself, you can save a lot of money and get pictures every bit as good.

In this case, you might consider a Minolta SR-T. These are semi-automatic cameras. They have built-in, through-the-lens metering systems that tell you exactly how to set the lens and shutter for perfect exposure. You just align two indicators in the viewfinder.

What to expect when you look into the camera's viewfinder.

The finder should give you a clear, bright view of your subject. Not just in the center, but even along the edges and in the corners. Minolta SLR's have bright finders, so that composing and focusing are effortless, even in dim light. And focusing aids in Minolta

Minolta makes all kinds of 35mm SLR's, so our main concern is that you get exactly the right camera for your needs. Whether that means the advanced Minolta XD-11. Or the easy-to-use and moderately priced Minolta XG-7. Or the very economical Minolta SR-T cameras.





Automatic sequence photography is easy when you combine a Minolta XD-11 or XG-7 with optional Auto Winder and Electroflash 200X.

viewfinders make it easy to take critically sharp pictures.

Information is another thing you can expect to find in a well-designed finder. Everything you need to know for a perfect picture is right there in a Minolta finder.

In the Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, red light emitting diodes tell you what lens opening or shutter speed is being set automatically and warn against under or over-exposure. In Minolta SR-T cameras, two pointers come together as you adjust the lens and shutter for correct exposure.

Do you need an auto winder?

You do if you like the idea of sequence photography, or simply want the luxury of power assisted film advancing. Minolta auto winders will advance one picture at a time, or continuously at about two per second. With advantages not found in others, like up to 50% more pictures with a set of batteries and easy attachment to the camera without removing any caps. Optional auto winders are available for both the Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, but not for Minolta SR-T cameras.

How about electronic flash?

An automatic electronic flash can be added to any Minolta SLR for easy, just about foolproof indoor photography without the bother of flashbulbs. For the XD-11 and XG-7, Minolta makes the Auto Electroflash 200X. It sets itself automatically for flash exposure, and it sets the camera automatically for use with flash. An LED in the viewfinder signals when the 200X is ready to fire. Most

unusual: the Auto Electroflash 200X can fire continuously in perfect synchronization with Minolta auto winders. Imagine being able to take a sequence of 36 flash pictures without ever taking your finger off the button.

You should be comfortable with your camera.

The way a camera feels in your hands can make a big difference in the way you take pictures.

The Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, for instance, are compact, but not cramped. Lightweight, but with a solid feeling of quality. Oversized controls are positioned so that your fingers fall naturally into place. And their electronically controlled shutters are incredibly smooth and quiet.

Minolta SR-T's give you the heft and weight of a slightly larger camera, but with no sacrifice in handling convenience. As in all Minolta SLR's, "human engineering" insures smooth, effortless operation. Are extra features important?

If you use them, there are a lot of extras that can make your photography more creative and convenient. Depending on the Minolta model you choose, you can get: multiple exposures with pushbutton ease



(even with an auto winder). A window to show that film is advancing properly. A handy memo holder that holds the end of a film box to remind you of what film you're using. And a self-timer.

What about the lens system?

The SLR you buy should have a system of lenses big enough to satisfy your needs, not only today, but five years from today.

The patented Minolta bayonet mount lets you change lenses with less than a quarter turn. There are almost 40 Minolta lenses available, ranging from 7.5mm fisheye to 1600mm super-telephoto, including macro and zoom lenses and the world's smallest 500mm lens.



The electronic viewfinder: LED's tell you what the camera is doing automatically to give you correct exposure.



The match-needle viewfinder: just align two indicators for correct exposure. Because you're doing some of the work, you can save some money.

What's next?

Think about how you'll use your camera and ask your photo dealer to let you try a Minolta. Compare it with other cameras in its price range. You'll soon see why more Americans buy Minolta than any other brand of SLR. For literature, write Minolta Corp., 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, New Jersey 07446. In Canada: Minolta Camera (Canada) Inc., Ontario. Specifications subject to change without notice.

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Wishing for More for Less

Lower taxes, yes, but voters want more services too

There is no doubt about Americans' desire for tax cuts, but there is considerable uncertainty about what changes such cuts would bring. Government officials warn loudly that tax slashing would mean reductions in police protection and public schooling, closed libraries and potholed streets. But most Americans apparently don't believe them. They think high taxes are a result not of the public demand for services but mainly of the relentless growth of the bureaucracy. Many believe taxes can easily be cut as much as 33%. How? They think the most obvious place to start the cuts is to eliminate government waste. Far from being ready to accept a serious reduction in government services, they think still more should be spent in such major areas as health and education.

These are among the main findings of a national telephone survey of 1,034 registered voters taken for TIME by the public opinion research firm of Yankelovich, Skelly and White over a four-day period ending Oct. 8. The poll does not indicate any overwhelming sense of national anxiety. When asked a general question—"How do you feel that things are going in the country these days?"—50% were willing to answer with a mild "fairly well" (only 5% thought things were going "very well"). Fully 76% felt the future would eventually bring prosperity, and 40% thought that their own standard of living would get better during the next year or two. Republicans and Westerners tended to be the most pessimistic; Carter supporters and those under 35 tended to be the most optimistic.

But the American voters do feel concern. The 55% figure of those who think things are going "very well" or "fairly well" is down from a 68% optimism rate when Carter took office. And when questioned about their worries, they said that

TAXES



WHAT IS THE MAIN REASON FOR THE INCREASE IN TAXES?

GOVERNMENT WASTE	43%
INFLATION	41%
PEOPLE ASK MORE FROM GOV'T.	10%

WHICH PARTY IS MOST LIKELY TO FIGHT HARD TO CUT TAXES?

DEMOCRATS	23%
REPUBLICANS	24%
NO DIFFERENCE	52%

IS IT POSSIBLE TO CUT TAXES A LOT WITHOUT REDUCING SERVICES?

YES	69%
-----	-----

the state of the economy was by far the most troublesome. Some 62% cited it as one of the national issues "that particularly concern you." Only 8% appeared worried about crime in the streets and 2% thought relations with the Soviets were a problem. Concern about the economy has risen sharply during Carter's Administration. Only 42% cited the economy as a major worry in March 1977, as compared with 62% today. Worry about crime in the streets, by contrast, has dropped in half during that same period.

Americans' economic worries cover a wide range of problems, but taxes are clearly among the most notable. When asked what troubled them a lot personally, 65% cited the difficulty in meeting high tax payments, whereas only 45% attached similar importance to the difficulty of paying rent or keeping up a house, and only 29% said they worried a lot about losing their jobs because of the state of the economy.

The voters feel that Jimmy Carter has not dealt well with these worries. Although by all indications Carter's standing in the public's mind has improved, that judgment is based largely on personal impressions (50% gave him high marks for leadership) and on his handling of foreign affairs. Indeed, the number of voters who expressed considerable confidence in the President's foreign policy soared from a mere 13% last August to 31% in October—the result, of course, of his triumph at Camp David. But when it came to Carter's management of the economy, the number of those expressing considerable confidence sagged steadily from 33% in March 1977 to a feeble 14% now. Perhaps more seriously, many voters have very little confidence in Carter's ability to do better in the future. Only 11% thought inflation would be curtailed. Some 43% actually believed it would get worse (those figures were almost exactly reversed last year, when 35% thought the situation might improve and only 19% didn't).

Experts have generally attributed the steady rise in taxes over the years to the increasing public demand for more police protection, health, education and other services, but ordinary citizens nowadays simply no longer share that view. When asked the cause of higher taxes, 43% attributed them to government waste. Another 41% blamed them on "inflation putting you in a higher tax bracket." Only 10% thought the reason was "people asking more from the government."

The greatest villain in the voters' minds is the federal income tax: 48% cited it as the levy they most want reduced, 33% named property taxes, and despite the recent uproar about the increase in Social Security taxes, only 8% now say these are the taxes they most want lowered. The percentages show no great variation for party affiliation or economic status, for Democrats and Republicans, or for homeowners and renters. When it comes to cutting federal income taxes, the voters would cut deeply. Asked about the Kemp-Roth bill to lower the tax rate by 33%, some 40% decided that this would be "too high," but another 48% thought it would be "about right." Carter's admonition that a Kemp-Roth cut would be wildly inflationary seems to have had little influence: 36% said a tax slash would

A Burning Question

Should Jerry Brown get married? The California Governor's Republican opponent, Evelle Younger, has suggested that even the shrewdest politician would be educated and improved by the experiences of domesticity. Brown's own father, ex-Governor Pat Brown, chimed in that he would be pleased if his bachelor son would marry Singer Linda Ronstadt, with whom Jerry has been keeping company.

To settle this sizzling issue, the Los

Angeles Times polled its readers on the question. "If Jerry Brown were to marry Linda Ronstadt, would that make you think more highly of him, less highly, or would that make any difference one way or the other?"

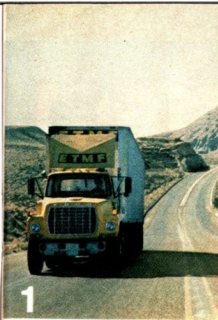
The answers to this church-and-state debate:

More highly: 6%.

Less highly: 4%.

Unsure: 2%.

No difference: 88%.



5% better mileage



Keeping a cool head



Tomorrow starts here

Eaton Update:

1 Heavy-duty fan drives

Eaton's viscous fan drive in the engine compartment improves mileage. The fan drive senses temperatures, automatically disengages when it's not needed. This cuts drain on engine horsepower, boosts fuel economy. It also reduces operating noise.

Eaton was a pioneer of the fluid shear principle behind viscous fan drives. And it's one of the reasons Eaton has been the leading supplier of fan systems for the automotive market—for over twenty years.

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independent valve gear component manufacturer in the world. And it's kept us looking to the future. This year, we're hard at work on better valve designs and stronger alloys needed for the auto industry's hotter-running, more demanding engines.

That's Eaton. Creating better products. Ready for tomorrow.

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Eaton's sprawling 165,000 sq. ft. Corporate Engineering & Research Center in Southfield, Michigan, is the focal point of our worldwide R & D activities. Here more than 300 scientists, engineers and support personnel are finding ways to turn good ideas into new and better products for tomorrow. What's on the way? Tougher, more efficient transmissions, axles and braking systems for trucks. Sophisticated

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Eaton is a family of technologically related businesses with a balanced combination of manufacturing and engineering skills. We're always looking for new ways to use these skills in markets where needs are growing. This approach to the management of change has been achieving record sales and earnings. For the complete story, write to: Eaton Corporation, 100 Erieview Plaza, Cleveland, Ohio 44114.

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0.9 MG. NIC.



17
MG. TAR
1.0 MG. NIC.



12
MG. TAR
0.8 MG. NIC.



11
MG. TAR
0.8 MG. NIC.



17
MG. TAR
1.4 MG. NIC.



16
MG. TAR
1.1 MG. NIC.



16
MG. TAR
1.1 MG. NIC.

Source of all 'tar' and nicotine disclosures in this ad is either FTC Report May 1978 or FTC Method.
Of All Brands Sold: Lowest tar, 0.5 mg. 'tar,' 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May 1978.
Golden Lights: Kings — 8 mg. 'tar,' 0.7 mg. nicotine,
100's — 10 mg. 'tar,' 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Lights

B&W 10/84 75



**100's
only 10 mg. tar**

lower in tar than all these brands:



19

MG. TAR
1.3 MG. NIC.



13

MG. TAR
1.0 MG. NIC.



19

MG. TAR
1.3 MG. NIC.



17

MG. TAR
1.1 MG. NIC.



12

MG. TAR
0.8 MG. NIC.



11

MG. TAR
0.7 MG. NIC.



19

MG. TAR
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18

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

There's a serious side to Froot Loops.

CEREAL

This delicious, fruit-flavored cereal is fortified with eight important vitamins and 2 minerals.

NUTRITION INFORMATION PER SERVING

SERVING SIZE: ONE CUP (ABOUT 1 CUP) FROOT LOOPS CEREAL, ALONE AND IN COMBINATION WITH 1/2 CUP VITAMIN D FORTIFIED WHOLE MILK

SERVINGS PER CONTAINER: 11

	FROOT LOOPS CEREAL	WITH 1/2 CUP WHOLE MILK
1.07		
CALORIES	110	190
PROTEIN	11g	8g
CARBOHYDRATES	25g	31g
FAT	1g	5g

PERCENTAGE OF U.S. RECOMMENDED DAILY ALLOWANCE (U.S. RDA)

	FROOT LOOPS CEREAL	WITH 1/2 CUP WHOLE MILK
1.07		
PROTEIN	2	10
VITAMIN A	25	30
VITAMIN C	25	25
THIAMIN	25	25
RIBOFLAVIN	25	30
NIACIN	25	25
CALCIUM	1	15
IRON	10	10
VITAMIN D	10	25
VITAMIN B ₆	25	25
FOLIC ACID	25	25
PHOSPHORUS	2	10
MAGNESIUM	2	6
ZINC	10	10
COPPER	2	2

*CONTAINS LESS THAN 2 PERCENT OF THE U.S. RDA OF THIS NUTRIENT.

INGREDIENTS: SUGAR, CORN, WHEAT AND OAT FLOUR, PARTIALLY HYDROGENATED VEGETABLE OIL (ONE OR MORE OF: COCONUT, SOYBEAN AND PALM), SALT, ARTIFICIAL COLORING (RED 40, YELLOW 5, BLUE 1, GREEN 3, BROWN 1, BLACK), CITRADELTA, ASCORBIC ACID (C), NATURAL FLAVORING, LECITHIN, CHERRY WITH OTHER NATURAL FLAVORINGS, ZINC OXIDE, REDUCED SODIUM, THIAMIN HYDROCHLORIDE (B₁), PYRIDOXINE HYDROCHLORIDE (B₆), RIBOFLAVIN (B₂), FOLIC ACID AND VITAMIN D₃, BHA ADDED TO PRESERVE PRODUCT FRESHNESS.

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 BATTLE CREEK, MICH. 49801, U.S.A.
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CARBOHYDRATE INFORMATION

	FROOT LOOPS CEREAL	WITH 1/2 CUP WHOLE MILK
1.07		
STARCH AND RELATED CARBOHYDRATES	31g	11g
SUGARS AND OTHER SUGARS	14g	20g
TOTAL CARBOHYDRATES	25g	31g

VALUES BY FORMULATION AND ANALYSIS

THIS PACKAGE IS SOLD BY WEIGHT, NOT VOLUME. SOME BETTLING OF CONTENTS MAY HAVE OCCURRED DURING SHIPMENT AND HANDLING.

If you've ever checked the nutritional information on a package of Kellogg's ready-sweetened cereal, you may already know that there is a substantial amount of nutrition inside. One ounce (a typical serving) of our fortified ready-sweetened cereal provides 25% of the U.S. Recommended Daily Allowance of 7 vitamins and 10% of the U.S. RDA of iron and vitamin D.

And since 94% of all ready-sweetened cereals are enjoyed with milk, your child gets the added nutrition of magnesium, phosphorus and calcium.



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Kellogg's®
A very smart start.™

Nation

have no effect on inflation, and a surprising 28% said it would lessen inflation.

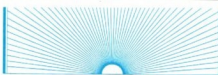
The desire for tax cuts is overwhelming, and 69% believe it would be "possible to cut taxes a lot without reducing services." Although this sentiment is strongest among upper-income whites, a solid majority of blacks and the poor take a similar view.

But when the questioning centers more narrowly on local taxes, where there is a more immediate and visible relationship between levies paid and benefits received, the voters become somewhat more cautious. Asked point-blank whether they would choose keeping the present local tax rate and improving services or cutting both taxes and services, 51% wanted more services. Among political groups, only registered Republicans wanted, by a majority of 50% to 46%, tax cuts, even if that brought a reduction in services.

Asks which specific services should be expanded or reduced, voters tended to feel government should spend more in most areas. Twice as many (45% to 22%) favored increased rather than decreased spending on education; three times as many (51% to 17%) favored more rather than less spending on health care; more than six times as many (59% to 9%) favored increased rather than decreased spending on fighting crime. A slim margin favored increased spending on defense and transportation. The only areas where a large majority of voters advocated cuts were in welfare and foreign aid. Just over 50% said that welfare spending was too high, whereas only 25% said it was too low. Although the U.S. now spends a smaller percentage of its G.N.P. on foreign aid than almost any other industrialized country, a significant 72% still considered that it was too much, and only 4% said it was too little.

Republicans, who have traditionally called for tax cuts, have failed to capitalize on the new sentiment. When asked which party would fight harder to cut taxes, 24% said the Republicans and 23% said the Democrats, with the remainder being unsure or seeing no difference. Similarly, 29% of those polled said the Democrats would run the government more efficiently, whereas only 22% said the Republicans would. Democrats were seen by a 30%-to-24% margin as more likely to "keep the economy prosperous." Voters did not express overwhelming confidence in either party to handle the tax issue, but those who did have a preference tended to cite their own party as being best on taxes. The Democratic edge stems from its larger share of the registered voters.

Nor is the antitax sentiment a purely conservative trend. If voters had a choice between two candidates who ex-



PEOPLE WHO HAVE A LOT OF CONFIDENCE IN CARTER'S HANDLING OF:

	MAR '77	NOV '77	AUG '78	OCT '78
ECONOMY	33%	18%	12%	14%
FOREIGN AFFAIRS	24%	16%	13%	31%

pressed the same views on taxes, but one was generally perceived as a moderate and the other as a conservative, voters surveyed would tend to choose the moderate by a 47%-to-43% margin. But people do not intend to vote solely on the tax issue: only a third of those surveyed said they would switch away from an otherwise preferred candidate if he took a stand against a tax cut, less than the percentage of voters who said they would abandon a preferred candidate if he came out in favor of federally funded abortions.

The volatility of public opinion is apparent in the large shifts in the people's overall impression of Carter. Shortly after he took office, 48% said their opinion of Carter had improved, compared with 6% who said it had worsened. At one of his low points, last June, only 11% said their opinion of him had improved since he took office, while 37% said they thought less of him. Now 21% feel better about him and only 26% feel worse.

When voters were asked to grade 17 areas of Carter's performance on a kind

of report card, he won his highest mark, 90%, in the area of "advancing the cause of peace in the world." This was an increase of 21% since a similar poll was taken last June.

Carter also rated a 72% for "providing moral leadership," an improvement from the 66% of last June but still down a lot from the glowing 91% that he scored near the beginning of his Administration, in March 1977. Carter's report card dropped somewhat in the general area of domestic social policy. Only 54% rated him favorably on aid to cities, 53% on coming to grips with the energy problem, and 52% on "keeping our defenses strong." Unquestionably, he fared worst on all economic issues—49% on providing jobs, 47% on cutting back government bureaucracy and 24% on curbing inflation.

Primarily on the basis of his gains in the field of foreign policy, and the general sense of moral leadership that came from his summit triumph, Carter has been able to turn around the results of hypothetical contests between himself and Gerald Ford. In trial heats polled in June and August, Ford came out ahead by eight percentage points. Today Carter would win 46% to 35% over his former opponent and carry all sections of the country. Carter would likewise beat Reagan, as he would have earlier this year; but perhaps because of his whirlwind tour on behalf of Republicans, Reagan is closing the gap. Those voters who call the tax-cut issue critical in their choice of candidates are less likely to support Carter over either Republican.

Within his own party, Carter still would not capture the presidential nomination if he were seriously challenged by Senator Edward Kennedy. According to Democrats and independents polled, Carter trails Kennedy 37% to 47%. This is a much smaller margin than the 24-point difference shown in polls this summer, but it is still impressive.

If the election were held today, the Democrats would easily keep control of Congress: 37% say that they plan to vote Democratic and 21% Republican. Democrats lead in all regions of the country, especially the South. About as many Republicans as Democrats (6%) now plan to cross party lines, and there is a greater percentage of undecided Republican voters than Democrats. In fact, only 55% of registered Republicans are now prepared to say they will vote with their party.

But with less than a month left, a whopping 40% of the voters surveyed, including 62% of the independents, say they are still undecided. Perhaps the uncertainty stems from the voters' skepticism about the current gale of antitax rhetoric: two-thirds think the candidates' tax-slashing promises are just "a lot of talk."



HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT GOVERNMENT SPENDING

	ON:	TOO MUCH	TOO LITTLE
FOREIGN AID		72%	4%
WELFARE		51%	25%
DEFENSE		27%	31%
EDUCATION		22%	45%
HEALTH CARE		17%	51%
CRIME		9%	59%

Congress Gets the Antitax Message

But goes into frenzied marathon sessions in an attempt to avoid a Carter veto

Few lines won Jimmy Carter more cheers in his election campaign than his charge that the nation's tax system is a "disgrace." As President, he pledged to make the tax code "simple, fair, equitable [and] progressive" and to "substantially reduce" the burden on the taxpayer. But Carter discovered that Congress had its own idea of just what kind of tax program the nation needs.

At the start of this week, the House and Senate produced a bill that would slash \$18.7 billion from the tax rolls. This was the centerpiece of one of the most chaotic finales to a congressional session

congressional bill falls short of the Administration's original goals, it seemed certain that Carter would sign it.

If the President okays the bill, taxpayers will be pleasantly surprised when they begin filling out their 1979 returns. Individuals will receive about \$15 billion in cuts (including \$2.1 billion in capital gains), with corporations getting only \$3.6 billion. In past years, the business tax cut has amounted to about 50% of that received by individuals; this year, it is 25%. Under the reduction proposed by Congress, a typical family of four earning \$15,000 a year will find its income taxes re-

duced by \$97, although, under a law passed last year, it will be paying \$42 more in annual Social Security taxes beginning Jan. 1. A family earning \$25,000 will save \$249 on federal income taxes, but its added Social Security burden will be \$439.

The bill sent to the Oval Office is the product of a joint House-Senate committee that began meeting late last week in the Ways and Means Committee's ornate, high-ceilinged conference room in the House's Longworth Office Building. The task of these ten Representatives and 14 Senators was to reconcile the vastly differing tax bills that each chamber had passed. While the Representatives' version, approved last month, would have saved taxpayers \$16.3 billion, the Senate expanded the cut to \$29.3 billion.

First the upper chamber voted a \$4.5 billion reduction to offset the increased Social Security taxes. Then it tacked on an array of special-interest freebies. New York Democrat Daniel Moynihan proposed that the New York State Power Authority be allowed to issue tax-exempt bonds. It passed. Russell Long's Senate Finance Committee had moved that chicken coops built by egg producers should qualify for a 10% investment tax credit. It also passed. Taking up the controversial issue of reducing the tax on capital gains, the Senate turned out to be \$1.4 billion more generous than the House, voting a \$2.5 billion slash—even though Carter had once threatened to veto any capital-gains liberalization at all. The Senators added another provision that the President stoutly opposed: the granting of tax credits for college tuition.

Partisan political motives of the Senate's majority Democrats were apparent in their treatment of the Republicans' highly publicized Kemp-Roth amendment, which called for slashing income tax rates by 33% over the next three years. On a virtual party-line vote, the Senate two weeks ago killed Kemp-Roth, 60 to 36. But, with barely a blush, the Democrats last week rammed through an amendment introduced by Georgia Conservative Sam Nunn that could cut taxes \$164.5 billion by 1983. The measure differed from Kemp-Roth by a provision that it go into effect only if specified decreases in federal spending and the budget deficit were achieved. Republican Senator William Roth of Delaware promptly signed on as a co-sponsor and laughingly passed out cigars in honor of the birth of "Son of Kemp-Roth."

The President was very upset by the Senate's largesse. He had been displeased with the House bill, which gave relatively rich taxpayers far more of its tax cuts than he wanted. Some 25% of the House-approved reduction would go to people earning more than \$50,000 a year (primarily because, while their numbers are small, they pay a large share of the nation's taxes). But Carter found the House bill's overall total of \$16.3 billion in tax cuts acceptable. By contrast, the tax-relief distribution in the Senate bill was more to Carter's liking: it included a slightly better break for middle- and low-income families. But Carter objected strenuously to the Senate's inclusion of tuition credits and the Nunn amendment, and to the \$29.3 billion size of the slash, which he feared would fuel inflation.

Thus the struggle became a complex triangular fight between the House, Senate and President. The reasoning at the White House was that Carter would take his stand on holding down the budget deficit, fighting inflation and limiting the tax cut. In a low-key, candid meeting with the Senate's Russell Long and House



Republicans in Congress break out cigars to welcome Democrats' "Son of Kemp-Roth"

At the Longworth Building, arms were being twisted and deals were being made.

in memory. As Senators and Representatives fought both fatigue and filibuster, they hurriedly voted on scores of measures in a rush to get home in time to campaign for re-election. Said Connecticut Democrat Abraham Ribicoff, a 16-year veteran of the Senate: "I don't recall an end of session worse than this one."

The congressional tax bill totals some \$1.3 billion more in cuts than Carter had requested in August. The bill, moreover, contains few of the reforms that the President had originally proposed last December. Missing, for example, are cuts in deductions allowed for medical costs and for business entertainment, such as club dues, first-class travel and the much maligned three-martini lunch. Tuned finely to the antitax and more conservative mood of the electorate, Congress was mainly interested in axing federal levies and encouraging investment. Although the

reduced by \$97, although, under a law passed last year, it will be paying \$42 more in annual Social Security taxes beginning Jan. 1. A family earning \$25,000 will save \$249 on federal income taxes, but its added Social Security burden will be \$439.

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First the upper chamber voted a \$4.5 billion reduction to offset the increased Social Security taxes. Then it tacked on

Nation

Ways and Means Chairman Al Ullman. Carter said that he "would not sign a bad bill, election year or not."

The two congressional leaders, with Carter as a prodding influence, then worked out a gentleman's agreement. They decided that the conferees in each chamber would meet separately and decide what they would offer the other body. As the conferees got down to the touchy differences between House and Senate, they ignored the rules that such vital decisions must be made in public, and went into closed-door sessions.

Still, there was plenty of activity outside the committee room. Reported TIME Capitol Hill Correspondent Neil MacNeil: "To the corridors of the Longworth Office Building flocked senior Administration officials and top Washington tax lobbyists. They huddled in dark corners with anxious conferees to check the latest status of the 126 individual points before the joint committee. Arms were being twisted and deals being made. An example was the special tax deduction for companies with personnel based overseas. The House version cut the tax liability of such firms by \$545 million; the Senate break was a more modest \$310 million. This difference was resolved in very hard bargaining between an opponent of the tax break, Connecticut's Ribicoff, and an advocate of the measure, Louisiana's Joe Waggoner, the ranking Democrat on the House Ways and Means Committee. The result: a compromise costing the Treasury \$381 million."

The activity on Capitol Hill was be-



Tax Conferees Daniel Moynihan, Al Ullman, Lloyd Bentsen and Omar Burleson

As the congressional committee met, the President was afraid to leave town.

ing carefully monitored by the White House. Jimmy Carter postponed a planned weekend trip to Camp David and Press Secretary Jody Powell quipped that "the President's afraid to leave town." Domestic Adviser Stuart Eizenstat patrolled outside the conference room, lobbying for Carter's position that an increased share of the tax relief go to lower- and middle-income taxpayers. Treasury Secretary Michael Blumenthal was consulting constantly with Congressmen; among other things, he warned them that a tax bill would be vetoed if it contained, as the Nunn amendment did, "restraints" on future federal budgets. The committee bowed to the pressure and substantially watered down the measure. For a time, however, it seemed that Congressman Barber Conable, a New York Republican, might take the issue back to the House floor, where it had considerable backing.

If signed by the President, the tax bill will take effect next year. Among the beneficiaries of the key features:

Individuals. The current exemption of \$750 per dependent is to be boosted to \$1,000; the \$35 tax credit will be dropped, however, as will the alternate credit of 2% of the first \$9,000 of taxable income. Tax brackets are expected to be widened by several percentage points each, thus slowing the pace at which inflation pushes taxpayers toward progressively steeper rates of taxation. However, between 1 million and 2 million taxpayers, mostly single people itemizing their returns, will find their taxes actually increased somewhat.

Homeowners. Persons over 55 who for three of the past five years have lived in a house that is their principal residence will pay no taxes on the first \$100,000 profit made from selling that house. This will be a once-in-a-lifetime benefit.

The Poor. The earned income credit, a device that boosts income for poor workers with families, has been considerably increased.

Investors. To encourage risk-taking investment, taxpayers can exclude completely from their taxable earnings 60%, instead of the current 50%, of the gains realized from the sale of capital assets; in no case will an investor have to pay more than 28% taxes on capital gains, a cut from the present maximum of 49.1%.

Among other important issues dealt with in the bill are the minimum tax on high-income persons, taxation of unemployment compensation paid to those earning more than \$20,000, and an investment tax credit to help rehabilitate the inner city. Under threat of a veto, the Senate's tuition tax-credit measure was separated from the package.

As the final shape of the bill began to emerge, it seemed clear that, as with nearly all complex legislation, it would completely satisfy no one. But because the measure gives some tax relief to the nation's inflation-besieged electorate, Carter, despite his disappointment over the lack of reform, was expected to sign the bill. This would be good news for the tired members of the 95th Congress; they would then be able to nail a tax cut to their election-campaign banners.

Abroad: A Gentle Milking

The U.S. has been taxing all capital gains regularly since 1913, but most other nations did not begin doing so until comparatively recent times. A summary of the situation in major industrial countries:

BRITAIN. Though unearned income is taxed at Shylockian rates of up to 98%, capital gains were not taxed at all in Britain until 1962. Now almost all profits from the sale of personal goods, property or stock are subject to a levy of 30%. Among the few exemptions from taxation are profits from the sale of a principal residence, automobiles and personal possessions sold for less than \$2,000.

CANADA. Until 1972 there was no such tax. Now generally half of any capital gain is taxed. The rate is the same (up to 45%) as for other income.

FRANCE. Since 1977 some capital gains have been taxed, but France has a wide variety of exemptions—loopholes to critics—including capital gains from any source that do not exceed \$4,600 a year and from the sale of a principal residence and of farm land.

JAPAN. There is no capital gains tax for individuals on profits from securities if the taxpayer's income comes mostly from other sources. Real estate profits are taxed at a rate ranging from 31% to 56%.

SWEDEN. Capital gains are generally taxed at the same rate as regular income (up to 85%). One exception is the sale of stock held longer than two years, in which case only 40% of the gain can be taxed.

WEST GERMANY. Capital gains from securities held more than six months and real estate held more than two years are not taxed at all. Short-term gains are taxed as regular income, at rates up to 56%.

And how about the Soviet Union? Accumulation of capital is forbidden by law, so there is no capital gains tax at all.

Cutting Through a Thicket

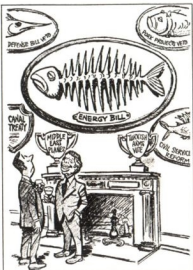
Tension, zigzags and a battle over energy

Although the major battle in Congress last week was over taxes, Senators and Representatives also had to fight their way through a bewildering array of measures. "I've voted enough today," snapped Democrat Barbara Jordan of Texas as she hobbled off the House floor on a cane at 11 o'clock one night. Admitted Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd one evening: "I'm so tired that I can't remember whether this motion is debatable."

Roll-call buzzers sounded repeatedly in both chambers. Aides gathered in corridors and hallways for hurried conferences with their bosses. Pages scurried about, notifying Senators and Representatives of phone calls from powerful lobbyists, White House aides and even the President. Periodically, Democratic or Republican leaders rushed frantically onto the House and Senate floors to keep wavering supporters in line on key votes.

Members had to vote on legislation touching on an enormous variety of subjects, from Nobel prizewinners to evidence in rape cases, from drug addicts to Girl Scouts. Often, perplexed Senators and Representatives hardly knew what they were voting on. Said New York Republican Senator Jacob Javits: "I don't know about anyone else, but I'm chaotic."

Rivalling the intensity of the fight over taxes was the struggle over the energy bill. In the House, Speaker Tip O'Neill ran into unexpected trouble on energy



Trophy Room

with the House Rules Committee. He wanted to have the legislation, which comprised five separate bills, voted on as a single package. This way, he reasoned, House members would be less vulnerable to pressure against gas deregulation from a formidable array of lobbyists, ranging from representatives of large corporations to Environmentalist James Flug.

O'Neill's strategy had to be approved first by the Rules Committee. After a night of debate, the committee was deadlocked, 8 to 8. O'Neill and Administration strategists then focused their efforts on California Democrat B.F. Sisk, who had voted against the merged bill. Despite a 15-min. call from Jimmy Carter, Sisk refused to change his vote.

Thereupon, O'Neill and Majority Leader James Wright of Texas moved in. They played on Sisk's reluctance to be seen as the man who killed the energy bill and promised to fix problems of water reclamation and supply in his district. When the vote was taken again on Friday, it was 9 to 5 in favor of a single bill, with Sisk voting in the majority and two other Representatives in effect abstaining. A few hours later, the House went along with the committee by the narrowest of margins, 207 to 206.

In the Senate, Democrat James Abourezk of South Dakota, a diehard opponent of natural gas deregulation, mounted a one-man filibuster that delayed the final vote for three days. Even after a 71-to-13 cloture vote, Abourezk, who is retiring from the Senate this year, obstinately continued his filibuster, causing Majority Leader Byrd to slump red-faced with anger in his chair. Abourezk, with a handful of supporters, kept talking for 15 hours, then gave up. Hours later, the bill passed, by 60 to 17 in the Senate and 231 to 168 in the House.

There were other important confrontations on Capitol Hill last week, and they were no less dramatic. Among them:

► At the end of the week, the Humphrey-Hawkins employment bill seemed to be

Carter vs. Congress

Up to last week's final inning, Jimmy Carter had a better record against Congress than people had expected of him at the beginning of the year. He had several solid hits, a few home runs and not all that many strikeouts. How the batting went on some of the major issues:

Civil Service Reform. To improve the performance of the lumbering federal bureaucracy, with its 2.8 million employees, Carter asked for salary incentives and streamlined hiring and firing procedures. Congress gave him substantially what he wanted, refusing only to abolish preference in hiring given to veterans.

Equal Rights Amendment. Carter supported extending the deadline for ratifying the ERA by 39 months and opposed allowing states to rescind previous votes to ratify the amendment. After intense lobbying by women on both sides of the issue, Congress agreed.

Budget. Carter asked for a \$500.2 billion budget in fiscal 1979 and, to help stay within that total, vetoed a congressional proposal for a \$2 billion nuclear carrier and a \$1.8 billion public works appropriation. Congress was unable to override the vetoes. In the end, the budget was set at \$487.5 billion.

Panama Canal. The Administration negotiated two treaties that will give sovereignty over the canal and Canal

Zone to Panama by the year 2000. After intense nationwide debate, the Senate narrowly approved the treaties.

Middle East Arms. Carter wanted to sell modern fighter aircraft to Egypt, Saudi Arabia and Israel, arguing that the package deal would enhance Egypt's chances of negotiating with Israel and would minimize Saudi objections to such a move. Despite strong opposition, particularly from the powerful Israeli lobby, the Senate voted to approve the arrangement.

Turkish Arms Embargo. To bolster NATO, the Administration wanted an end to the arms embargo imposed by Congress on Turkey because of its invasion of Cyprus in 1974. Over the objections of the small but strong Greek lobby, Congress agreed.

Labor Law Reform. The Administration supported the union-backed bill to tighten rules covering unfair labor practices by management and to speed up legal proceedings when complaints are brought against employers before the National Labor Relations Board. The House passed the bill, but conservatives managed to kill it with a filibuster in the Senate.

Department of Education. Fulfilling a campaign promise, Carter proposed a Cabinet-level Department of Education, arguing that schools would then get more attention than they do from the huge bureaucracy of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. Opposed by both liberals and conservatives, the bill died in committee.



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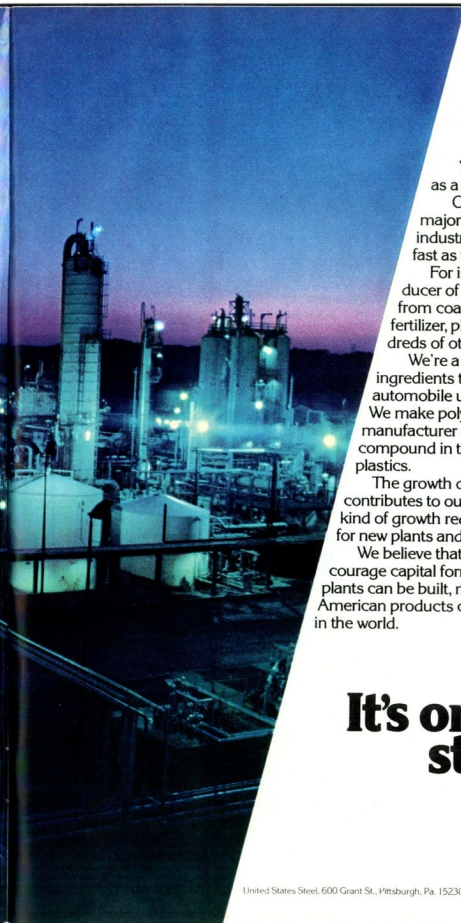


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Flug lobbying Representative Dodd

The pressure was too much for some.

foundering because of an impasse between conservative Republicans and liberal Democrats. Stripped long ago of its provision requiring the Government to be an employer of last resort for the hard-core unemployed, the bill was mostly symbolic. The Democrats wanted it to set a goal of reducing unemployment to 4% by 1983, while the Republicans wanted to include another goal, an inflation rate of 3% that year and 0% five years later. The Democrats considered the limits on inflation rates to be incompatible with achieving a low jobless rate.

► A House-Senate conference committee had agreed to permit Government-paid abortions under Medicaid in cases of incest and rape when reported immediately, or when two physicians decided that a woman would suffer severe or lasting physical damage from her pregnancy. Then the House zigzagged. At first, members voted against the bill, holding out for more restrictive language that would have limited abortions under Medicaid to situations endangering a woman's life. Two days later, the House reconsidered, and reluctantly adopted the conference committee bill.

► When the \$7.3 billion foreign aid bill came up in the House, opponents suddenly rounded up enough votes to send the measure back to a House-Senate conference committee, which would have effectively killed it. One explanation for the mood against the bill: several Latin American projects in it were similar to U.S. projects in the \$10.1 billion public works bill that Carter had vetoed as too expensive two weeks earlier. But O'Neill got wind of the move to recommit the bill, rushed from his office onto the floor and leaned heavily on several Democrats to

change their votes. Said Democratic Whip John Brademas of Indiana: "It was very close. If money for Israel wasn't included in that bill, it would have been lost."

In the midst of the hurly-burly of the final session, the House still found time for some stern measures against its own members. It formally reprimanded three Democratic Representatives from California, former whip John J. McFall, Edward R. Roybal and Charles F. Wilson, for not reporting cash contributions from Korean Influence Buyer Tongsun Park. McFall had received \$3,000 from Park, Roybal and Wilson \$1,000 each. But the probe of Park by the House Ethics Committee did not satisfy everyone. Complain Republican Millicent Fenwick of New Jersey: "Our legislative system wrestled with Koreagate and has been found wanting. I believe the American people deserve better." ■

Too Few Men

Some Marine recruiters will sign up almost anyone

THE MARINES ARE LOOKING FOR A FEW GOOD MEN. So says the recruiting motto for America's elite fighting force. But since the draft was abolished in 1973, the Marines, as well as the other branches of the U.S. armed forces, have been having considerable difficulty filling their ranks. As a result, a Senate armed services subcommittee was told last week, some Marine recruiters sign up criminals, illiterates, men who are physically unfit — almost anyone who walks through the recruiting-office door.

Former Sergeant Donald Robinette described how recruiters in northern Ohio falsified high school diplomas and police records to meet the demands for recruits from his commander, Major Klaus Schreiber, who considers himself "the best recruiting officer in the Marine Corps." Said Robinette: "The pressure never stopped. We were doing everything to get the bodies and they still wanted more."

At one point, Schreiber threatened to break a recruiter's arm if he failed to meet his quota. Schreiber told the committee that the threat was not serious. Said he: "We're in the Marine Corps. That's the way we speak. We're not graduates of the College of the Immaculate Conception." With considerable pride, Schreiber reported that he managed to raise his staff's performance from 59% of its quota to 100% after he took charge in 1977. His reward: headquarters increased his quota by 13 percentage points.

To meet such demands, ex-recruiters and Marine lawyers from across the country testified that recruiters have gone to such lengths as enlisting a violence-prone youth out of a juvenile home and even signing up a fictitious candidate. To qualify a youth with a long police record, a re-

cruiter would drop the first letter of the candidate's name so that the police check would turn up no trace of his crimes. Schreiber told recruiters to ask Marine hopefuls leading questions like, "You haven't smoked marijuana, have you?" Answers, of course, were negative. Some recruiters coach candidates in advance to ensure that they pass aptitude tests, or use bright stand-ins for those who seem sure to fail. Robinette said that one ringer in northern Ohio had taken the test for 15 candidates and was so proficient that he could deliver any score needed.

Once enlisted, these unfit Marines constitute a new class of military untouchables. The U.S. Court of Military Appeals has ruled that a fraudulently recruited serviceman cannot be court-martialed. Thus the Marines had to drop a case against an enlisted man who was charged with stealing TNT from his unit at the Marine Corps Air Station in Kaneohe, Hawaii, because his recruiter had forged his high school diploma and concealed his juvenile crime record to qualify him for service.

According to the Pentagon, nearly 11% of the 74,888 people who joined the Marines in the past two years have been discharged for reasons, ranging from medical disabilities to drug abuse, that should have disqualified them at the time of their enlistment. Congress could solve the problem by bringing back the draft, but this would be highly unpopular and is unlikely.

Making matters worse, unsympathetic officials often refuse to turn over lists of high school seniors to recruiters, and parents frequently become incensed and abusive when recruiters phone to talk to prospective enlistees. So the pressure on recruiters to fill this year's Marine Corps quota of 39,300 enlistments will remain intense. Says Schreiber: "My quota for every recruiter was as many as he could possibly enlist." On the double! ■

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Saga of a Decadent Defector

A Soviet playboy embarrasses the CIA

Vacation in the Caribbean. A high-priced girlfriend. A luxury Washington apartment. Onetime senior Soviet Diplomat and U.N. Under Secretary-General Arkadi Shevchenko, 48, has hardly maintained a classless society's life-style since he defected to the U.S. last spring. After being debriefed by the CIA, he has not only enjoyed freedom of movement, but also savored the fruits of capitalism. Using at least four aliases and always trailed in public by a CIA or FBI bodyguard, the Ukrainian has been frequenting Washington's bars and discos and relaxing at resorts in the Caribbean and Pennsylvania's Pocono Mountains. For companionship (his wife Lengina died in Moscow of an overdose of pills after his defection), Shevchenko has been leasing the close attentions of an expensive woman who was located through an escort service listed in the Washington Yellow Pages.

Last week the cover was suddenly blown off Shevchenko's pot-of-gold existence. Judy Chavez, 22, told NBC-TV that the Ukrainian was paying her \$5,000 a month for her favors, had given her \$14,000 for a Corvette sports car and taken her on a whirlwind vacation in the Virgin Islands. In all, claimed the kiss-and-tell brunette, she had received between \$35,000 and \$40,000, which Shevchenko had been given by "a high official in the CIA." Later, at a Manhattan press conference, she added that Shevchenko had paid her in sequentially numbered \$100 bills. She plans to write a paperback book, to be published this spring, detailing her experiences with the defector and the kind of security arrangements the U.S. provided him.

At the U.N., diplomats began telling jokes about Chavez's tale, saying it was a CIA propaganda ploy to induce more Russians to defect. Another diplomat quipped that perhaps there should be a new bumper sticker proclaiming: DEFECTORS HAVE MORE FUN. In Washington, the CIA saw

less to be amused about. Director Stansfield Turner explained that while Shevchenko "is receiving compensation from the CIA commensurate with his services and value to the U.S.," he is getting nothing for a "female companion." Jimmy Carter got into the act by observing at his press conference that sums such as those reported by Chavez "would be highly inflationary—contrary to my [anti-inflation] policy." Indeed, Shevchenko may have been able to finance his affairs himself: he received \$78,000 in severance when he quit his U.N. post and could have saved a substantial amount from his \$87,000 annual U.N. salary.

Shevchenko's easy exposure has embarrassed the CIA. One of its former top officials complained that the agency handled the case "like a bunch of Keystone Kops." It is also quite possible that the CIA has been relatively lax with Shevchenko because he has been far less valuable as an intelligence source than had been anticipated. Although one of the

highest-ranking Soviets ever to defect, he had little knowledge of the inner workings of current Soviet policies or intelligence operations. His reputation at the U.N. for heavy drinking and a weakness for shapely women may have led the Kremlin to cut his access to sensitive information long ago. It is even possible that he decided to defect because he feared that he was about to be recalled to Moscow, where he no longer would be able to pursue the self-indulgent life to which he had become accustomed. Chavez's revelations, however, will certainly require Shevchenko to abandon some of his breezy ways. He said last week that he was going underground to continue some "very serious work."

Whatever Shevchenko's current value to the U.S., the CIA must continue protecting him, if only to keep from discouraging other would-be defectors. The first step is for the CIA once again to cloak him in anonymity. Shevchenko thus has gone back into hiding to await his new identity and ponder the fact that even in the U.S. you have got to be careful about whom you trust.

In comparison with what some Far Eastern countries pay defectors, Uncle Sam is a piker. Early this month, when a lowly antitank gunner, Corporal Kwon Chong Hun, 20, defected to Seoul from North Korea, he was celebrated as an "anti-Communist gladiator" and given the equivalent of \$20,000. Seoul also provided him with free housing and his choice of a college scholarship or free farm land. He received several job offers. An association of Seoul businessmen whose ancestors came from Kwon's home province is trying to find him a bride. Observes Kwon, understandably: "My decision to defect has not been a mistake."

Inspired by its success with Kwon, the South Korean government has issued a price list for defectors from the North: from \$10,300 for a private to \$103,000 for a general. Those who bring military hardware along with them qualify for huge bonuses: Seoul offers \$5.7 million for a North Korean warship and \$1 million for an aircraft, but only \$60 for a carbine. On top of the bonuses, Seoul promises to take care of defectors for the rest of their lives.

Meanwhile, North Korea recently awarded \$70,000 each to two defecting civilian employees of the South Korean army and gave them a heroes' welcome.

China and Taiwan employ the same system in competing for defectors. Prices in Taiwan for Communist pilots range from 6,000 taels of gold (worth about \$900,000) for a defector flying a late-model TU-16 bomber to 500 taels (about \$75,000) for a pilot with an obsolete cargo aircraft. So far, four pilots have qualified for rewards, the latest in July 1977. Mainland China offers higher prices—up to 7,000 taels (about \$1,050,000) for a Nationalist pilot in a Phantom fighter—but so far there have been no takers.



Judy Chavez holding press conference

Was she "highly inflationary?"

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The Snake in the Mailbox

Challenging Synanon can be hazardous to health and wealth

Attorney Paul Morantz unlocked the door of his house in Los Angeles last week and put his left hand into the mailbox. "I felt a sharp pain, and then it felt as though my hand was in a vise," he recalls. When he pulled his hand back, he brought with it a 4½-ft. diamondback rattlesnake, its fangs buried near his left thumb. He managed to shake off the snake and ran screaming to a neighbor, who applied a tourniquet that saved Morantz from almost certain death. Fire department paramedics chopped off the snake's head with a shovel, and discovered that the rattles had been removed so that the snake could attack without warning.

Two days later Lance Kenton, 20, the son of Bandleader Stan Kenton, and Joseph Musico, 28, were taken into custody by Los Angeles police in connection with the rattlesnake attack. Both men are members of Synanon, a drug rehabilitation group based in Badger, Calif.

Three weeks earlier, Lawyer Morantz had won a \$300,000 judgment against Synanon for a married couple who said that the wife was kidnapped and abused by members of the organization. From his hospital bed, where he was listed for a time in guarded condition, Morantz said: "I've been told that inside Synanon I'm on their enemies list." But Synanon Lawyer Dan Garrett insisted that the group had had no part in the rattlesnake attack. Said he: "Synanon does not and will not condone, support or harbor any individual engaged in such activities."

Still, what happened to Paul Morantz is only the latest in a series of curious misfortunes that have befallen people who have challenged Synanon in court, in

print or on the air. Among the other victims:

► Phillip Ritter, a Berkeley, Calif., accountant, who last year won (but later lost) custody of his child from his Synanon-member wife, was jumped by two men outside his home on Sept. 21 and severely beaten. "It was the usual Synanon method of operation," says Jack Hurst, a friend and ex-president of Synanon who quit the group in 1976. "The short hair, the baseball bats, the doctored license plates." Ritter is currently in hiding.

► Patricia Lynch, a producer for NBC, filmed a report on Synanon activities that was aired last June. Later, she says, two men with close-cropped hair and carrying tape recorders and cameras turned up at her Manhattan apartment building, asking tenants about her habits and the layout of her apartment. Since then, she has been shadowed by two men with shaved heads who told her they were from the Synanon Committee for Responsible American Media (SCRAM). She quotes one of them as saying: "The goal of SCRAM is to get your life."

► ABC President Elton Rule and Chairman Leonard Goldenson were asked by Synanon representatives at the network's annual meeting last May whether the network had considered hiring bodyguards for them and their wives. Synanon and its founder, Charles Dederich, have filed a \$42 million slander suit against ABC and its station in San Francisco, KGO-TV, over several KGO news reports on Synanon.

► Time Inc. Editor-in-Chief Hedley Donovan was approached on Sept. 27 outside his Manhattan apartment building by two men who carried film and taping equip-



Remains of the silent weapon

"It felt like my hand was in a vise."

ment, and said they represented SCRAM. When Donovan rebuffed their request for an interview, one of the men told him: "We are going to ruin your life, Mr. Donovan." Synanon this year filed a \$76,750,000 libel suit against Time Inc. because of TIME's Dec. 26, 1977, story about Synanon. The organization's members and backers have picketed Time Inc.'s Rockefeller Center headquarters, attempted to disrupt the company's annual stockholders' meeting there last April, and sent hundreds of strongly worded letters to Donovan and other Time Inc. executives. "I dedicate my life to harassing you and your family," one writer promised.

Dederich has not commented recently about the alleged harassment or the libel suits. But last winter he said of Synanon's critics: "I'm going to make them as nervous about the safety of their children and grandchildren as I am about mine. We never start anything. We never do and never have, but nobody's going to mess with us. Nobody."

Synanon's resident population has dwindled from 1,700 to 900 in the past six years. Some former members say they left in dismay at the group's evolution from an earnest and widely praised rehabilitation organization to a rich (current assets: almost \$30 million) but capriciously governed cult. Synanon announced in January that it had bought \$63,000 in weapons and ammunition for its own protection, and ex-members say it has developed a squad known as the "imperial marines," who are trained in martial arts and commando tactics. Whether some members have decided that those tactics should include assassination by snakebite is a question that may be answered at the trial of Lance Kenton and Joseph Musico.



Paul Morantz conducts a press conference from his hospital bed after brush with death

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All Cooped Up

To make a statement about waste in U.S. society, Economist David Osterberg, 35, of Cornell College in Mount Vernon, Iowa, moved into a chicken coop nearly two years ago. The quarters are small (9 ft. by 12 ft.) but cheap: \$40 a month for rent and electricity. Osterberg installed a glass skylight, insulation and not-so-spartan furnishings, including a stereo, color television, refrigerator, telephone, toaster oven and several Persian rugs. Says he: "Living this way makes me feel that at least I'm not part of the problem."

Now the county health board is trying to evict Osterberg from his home, maintaining that the coop is too small and too primitive for human habitation because it has no toilet or running water. Says County Health Director Alfred Ahern: "You can't live like Pappy did on the frontier." But Osterberg argues that the absence of running water is no health threat because he uses the bathroom of a college building five blocks away. He has no intention of flying the coop, and is appealing the eviction order in court.

Wrenching Sears

During his free time as an 18-year-old clerk in a Sears, Roebuck store in Gardner, Mass., Peter Roberts invented a quick-release ratchet wrench that enabled a mechanic to change sockets with one hand. At his boss's suggestion, Roberts offered his invention to Sears. Executives told him that his wrench probably would not sell well and that patents were pending for similar tools. But Sears eventually bought the rights to Roberts' wrench for \$10,000.

A year later, Roberts discovered his

invention prominently displayed in a Sears catalog. As it turned out, while trying to discourage him about the value of the tool, the company had test-marketed it and converted about 75% of its wrenches to his design. Sears went on to sell 26 million of the wrenches for a profit of about \$44 million. Roberts sued. In December 1976 a federal jury decided that Sears had obtained Roberts' patent fraudulently. The jury awarded him \$1 million. Last week, after Sears had fought the decision all the way to the Supreme Court and lost, Roberts, now a 33-year-old grocer in Red Bank, Tenn., collected his money. What will he do with it? "I'll do some more tinkering," he says. "I think I have some more good ideas."

Apt Abe Prophecy

In the land of Lincoln, honoring Abe is not just good politics, it's good business. Or so thought 22 entrepreneurs in Charleston, Ill., scene of the fourth Lincoln-Douglas debate. In 1969 the businessmen enthusiastically erected what they claim is the world's largest statue of Lincoln—62 ft. of fiber glass and steel that cost \$40,000—on a site three miles out of town near land they hoped would become a national park.

But plans for the park fell through, and Abe was left in the middle of nowhere. On an average day, about 50 tourists would visit the statue and buy souvenir postcards and trinkets. At night, vandals frequently showed up with paint, rifles and shotguns. Soon Abe was ugly and pockmarked.

Last week the businessmen sold the statue to Bud Scott, a basketball coach at a local college, who thinks that it will be just the thing to attract people to his 110-acre campground, recreation area and Christian retreat. None of which would have bothered Lincoln, who once remarked during a campaign that "if the good people, in their wisdom, shall see fit to keep me in the background, I have been too familiar with disappointments to be very much chagrined."



Hell's Kitchen

For 15 months Burger Baron Ray Kroc, 76, founder of the McDonald's hamburger chain, has been bedeviled by a rumor that he donates money to the Church of Satan, a San Francisco-based cult. "The most vicious thing I've ever heard and all lies," sputters Kroc. Nonetheless, on many fundamentalist Christians in the Southern and Midwestern Bible Belt, the rumor has had the impact of a Big Mac attack in reverse: they are boycotting McDonald's. So far, the protests have had a negligible effect, but just to make sure, McDonald's Executive



Doug Timberlake last week told a conference of about 75 Baptist ministers in Birmingham that the tale is untrue.

How did the rumor start? Most of the burger boycotters cite a Phil Donahue TV talk show on which Kroc appeared in 1977. Yet transcripts of the show prove that there was no discussion of religion or the devil. Says Kroc: "I don't think holy-holy of our competition, but I don't think they'd stoop that low." The devil must have done it.

Luckless Irishman

In 1973 Franklin McNulty, who was living on welfare in Oakland, Calif., won \$128,410 in the Irish Sweepstakes. When he discovered that the Government expected to be paid about \$35,000 in taxes on his winnings, he deposited his windfall in a bank on the island of Jersey in the English Channel. McNulty figured that money not brought into the U.S. could not be taxed by the IRS.

Not so, ruled a federal court in 1975. It sentenced him to five years in prison for tax evasion. With time off for good behavior, McNulty, 67, has served his sentence. But the IRS has filed a suit to collect its bill—now \$70,000 because of additional penalties—and Judge Alfonso J. Zirpoli has ordered McNulty to stay in jail until he complies. Says McNulty: "I've held out for almost four years, and I'll hold out until I see justice and freedom served." Not to mention his bank account.

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Illustrated above, on turn number 5 at the Sears Point International race course, is the extraordinary BMW 528i four-wheel independent suspension system in operation. Note: as the car goes into the sharp high-speed turn, the unique angling of the MacPherson front struts reduces the lean of the inside front wheel, while the outside front wheel remains vertical; inside and outside rear wheels remain vertical due to the semi-trailing arm design in the rear.

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World

MIDDLE EAST

Imagine: A Lofty Summit

The peace-treaty negotiations begin

There was a slight sense of déjà vu about the scene in the White House East Room last week. Just 26 days earlier, Jimmy Carter had sat there before the cameras and klieg lights, flanked by Egyptian President Anwar Sadat and Israeli Premier Menachem Begin, to announce that the leaders were ready to sign two "framework" agreements that had been hammered out during 13 days of negotiations at Camp David. This time Carter's companions were Israeli Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan and Egypt's newly appointed Defense Minister Kamal Hassan Ali. Their task: to work out the details of a formal peace treaty between Israel and Egypt, thereby ending a state of war that has existed between the two nations since 1948.

The opening ceremony was short (15 minutes) and to the point. Carter welcomed the visiting delegates, called on Jordan's King Hussein and the Palestinians to join the peace process and emphasized that the current talks were merely the first step toward a comprehensive settlement involving Israel and all its Arab neighbors. Dayan, speaking for exactly one minute, declared: "It is our hope and belief that we have reached the stage in which we can finally conclude a peace treaty." In a 2½-minute reply, Ali restated the determination of his government to achieve an overall settlement and once again urged the other Arabs to join in.

Soon after that, the delegates walked across Pennsylvania Avenue to Blair House and sat down to business. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance served as chairman of the opening sessions. At week's end he left for South Africa, turning over the gavel to Ambassador Alfred ("Roy") Atherton, the President's special emissary in the Middle East. The three partners quickly reached agreement on a mundane but vital procedural issue: instead of breaking up into working groups, each delegation in its entirety would participate in all bilateral or trilateral meetings.

Both the Israelis and Egyptians brought along draft treaties. TIME has



Carter with Israel's Dayan and Egypt's Ali in East Room of the White House



Vance (second from left) with Egyptian and Israeli negotiators outside Blair House

The Egyptian goal: to present a peace treaty to other Arab states as a fact of life.

learned that the U.S. also has a formal proposal—an eight-page document, spelling out in detail the main issues to be negotiated. The chief areas of discussion: 1) normalization of relations between Israel and Egypt, including the opening of borders, exchange of ambassadors, freedom of navigation through the Suez Canal, tourism and cultural and journalistic exchanges; 2) a timetable for Israeli withdrawals from the Sinai, including the turnover of Israeli settlements and airfields in the Sinai to the Egyptians, and the establishment of demilitarized zones and specified areas for U.N. troops; and 3) future economic relations between the two countries, including trade and possible joint ventures.

The delegates will also discuss the future of the American monitoring mission in the Sinai and the planned U.S. replacement of Israeli airfields in the Sinai with two new bases in Israel's Negev Desert. One possible sticking point in the talks

concerns Israeli oil installations in the Sinai. The Israelis may seek compensation for these installations; at the very least, they will ask for a guarantee from Egypt to sell oil to Israel or a promise to set up a joint enterprise for exploring the Sinai oilfields. The Egyptians will seek to avoid any such special arrangements.

Although there was no explicit linkage between the two Camp David frameworks, the Egyptians will insist during the treaty talks that there must be some kind of progress toward an agreement on the future of the West Bank and Gaza. Sadat has tried to avoid the appearance of making a separate peace with the Israelis, although a first-step agreement between Egypt and Israel amounts to just that. The Israelis would be delighted to make such a settlement with Egypt, since that would effectively end any threat of war against Israel for the foreseeable future.

President Carter said last week that he did not believe the West Bank-Gaza

issue would be an obstacle to the signing of the Israeli-Egyptian treaty. This is probably true. But the Egyptians nonetheless want the Israelis to make some kind of gesture toward the Palestinians, such as abolishing military government in the occupied territories or accepting the U.S. view that there should be an indefinite moratorium on the building of new Jewish settlements in those areas.

The Palestinians of the West Bank and Gaza are dissatisfied with the outcome of Camp David, believing that the Israeli promise of internal self-rule is a poor substitute for their goal of independence. A minority among them, at least, believe that their spokesmen should not reject the Egyptian-Israeli agreements out of hand. Writing last week in *Al Quds*, an Arabic newspaper published in Jerusalem, Ramallah Attorney Aziz Shehadeh argued: "Our Arab people are still fascinated by the word no. Is it not time for us to study our case before we quickly answer with a yes or no?"

Apart from this mild endorsement, Anwar Sadat is still going it alone in the Arab world. Not even such friends as Sudan's President Gaafar Mohamed Nimeiri or Morocco's King Hassan II have endorsed the Camp David accords. There was also no sign that Jordan's King Hussein was preparing to join the peace negotiations. Meanwhile, radical Arabs were calling for a Pan-Arab summit conference from which Sadat would be most pointedly excluded.

None of this seemed to bother him. In a give-'em-hell speech before a gathering of Egyptian judges, Sadat called his Arab critics a bunch of "Moscow-directed stooges." He scathingly denounced the Syrian shelling of Christian positions in Lebanon as "murder for murder's sake." He said he had hoped to help negotiate a peace treaty for the Syrians and the Palestinians, but had abandoned the idea because "their ingratitude and obscurities have gone beyond all limits." Clearly Sadat intends to press for a peace treaty with Israel as soon as possible, then present it to the other Arab states as a fact of life.

Under the terms of the Camp David accords, Egypt and Israel are committed to completing a peace treaty no later than Dec. 17. Usama el Baz, Egypt's First Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, told TIME: "Within two to three weeks we expect the Washington meeting to produce something close to a final draft. We don't think any further summit negotiations will be needed."

If that proves to be the case, a treaty could be ready for signing by Nov. 19, the first anniversary of Sadat's trip to Jerusalem. But where should the signing take place? Sadat himself proposes Mount Sinai, where the Lord gave the Law to Moses, a prophet revered in both Hebrew and Islamic tradition. The White House tends to like the idea. "Imagine that, a summit on a summit," reflected one Administration official. "What an event that would be."

LEBANON

The Christians Under Siege

A cease-fire, but both sides are prepared for further war

A shaky cease-fire, as cease-fires always seem to be, took hold in Lebanon last week, but East Beirut was a smoldering ruin. In that battered section of the city, once home to 600,000 Maronite Christians, rescue workers picked through the rubble in search of the dead and dying. Glassy-eyed survivors crept cautiously out of basement shelters, scurrying back to safety when Syrian snipers cut loose with automatic weapons. A number of would-be refugees, seeking to join the exodus that has emptied East Beirut of more than two-thirds of its residents, were mowed down by Syrian machine guns as they tried to cross the bridges leading to Christian strongholds outside the city. Five other people were wounded as they attempted to cross the "green line" separating Muslim and Christian sections of Beirut. In effect, East Beirut was under siege: the 30,000-man Syrian peace-keeping force kept 3,500 Christian militiamen and 150,000 civilians bottled up within easy range of the heavy artillery that had pounded the city in the worst week of fighting since the end of the civil war in 1976.

Even as intermittent bursts of cannon fire marred the uneasy calm, both the Christians and their enemies prepared for a new outbreak of fighting. From Damascus, convoys of Syrian trucks transported 8,600 heavily armed Palestine Liberation Army commandos to fortified positions in Beirut. The P.L.A. commandos will be the backbone of a new Syrian-controlled antimilitia alliance comprising leftist Lebanese Muslims, Yasser Arafat's Palestine Liberation Organization and an army commanded by pro-Syrian Christian for-

mer President Suleiman Franjeh. The Arab League mandate under which the Syrian peace-keeping force has occupied Lebanon since 1976 will be reviewed on Oct. 28. If the league orders Damascus to withdraw its troops, the new force could still press the offensive against the Christian militias with Syrian arms and ammunition.

Israel, too, was building up its Christian allies: the "Tigers" commanded by former President Camille Chamoun and the Phalangist fighters under Pierre Gemayel. By night, Israeli ships brought in arms, medical supplies and food to Jounieh, twelve miles north of Beirut. About 150 Israeli advisers—distinguishable from their Christian clients because they do not wear the pearl-handled revolvers and outsize crosses favored by the swaggering militiamen—were providing counsel and logistical support. Christian officers of the Lebanese armed forces turned over to the militiamen an arsenal of U.S. weapons that had been destined for the country's moribund, ineffective army. Contemplating the grim fact that more than two dozen armed factions are now operating in Lebanon, Militia Leader Chamoun asked pointedly: "What is Lebanon—a sovereign state or a whorehouse?"

The massive weapons stockpiling lent a new urgency, and a growing sense of futility, to President Elias Sarkis' search for an end to the bloodshed. Since 1973, when clashes between Palestinian guerrillas and the Christian-dominated Lebanese army presaged a bloody civil war, at least 37,000—and perhaps as many as 100,000—people have been killed. Moreover, a new at-



A ruined street in the Christian section of Beirut after the Syrian artillery attacks

Maronite morale was high, even though enemy guns remained within easy range.

World

tack on its Christian friends could provoke Israel into massive retaliatory raids, threatening the peace talks with Egypt that began last week.

Neither the Christians nor their foes are backing away from the prospect of more slaughter. "As long as the Syrians are in Lebanon, there is no peace," warned Chamoun last week. Equally adamant was Syrian President Hafez Assad, who insisted that his troops had opened fire on the Christians in order to "establish the authority of the Sarkis government." But when the Lebanese President proposed that a buffer force of Lebanese soldiers be deployed between the Christians and Syrians, Assad had a brusque reply: "There is no Lebanese army, and what there is represents the Christians." After Sarkis completed a hasty tour of six Arab capitals, Assad laconically submitted to an essentially meaningless compromise, under which part of the Syrian forces besieging East Beirut would be withdrawn. Lebanese troops would be allowed to help patrol the bridges linking Beirut to the Christian areas in the north—their first active role in the recent fighting.

Sarkis still hopes to persuade the Arab League to order a reduction in the number of Syrian troops in his country. But he received scant encouragement during his visits to Saudi Arabia, Kuwait and other Arab nations. Saudi Arabia's Crown Prince Fahd, for example, promised P.L.O. Leader Arafat that the Saudis—who also bankroll the Christian militias—would "absolutely" continue their support of the opponent Palestinians.

While the search for a settlement foundered, Lebanon's beleaguered Christians held tight to the remnants of a shattered past. Indeed, Christianity has long been fractured within this complex country: in addition to the dominant Maronites—a branch of the Roman Catholic Church that preserves its own unique liturgy—there are Greek Orthodox, Greek Catholics, Armenians and Chaldeans, among others. Since Lebanon became independent from France in 1943, the Maronites, who then made up 30% of the population, have been the major force in politics and the economy. Under the "national covenant," an unwritten agreement with the force of constitutional law, the Lebanese presidency is reserved for a Maronite, while the less powerful posts of Prime Minister and president of the Chamber of Deputies are set aside for, respectively, a Sunni and a Shiite Muslim. The precarious balance between religious groups fell apart in 1970, when 15,000



Militia Commander Chamoun (left) touring devastated Christian area
"As long as the Syrians are in Lebanon, there is no peace."

well-armed Palestinian guerrillas were driven out of Jordan by King Hussein's "Black September" offensive. Joining 75,000 Palestinians already in the country, they turned southern Lebanon into a staging area for raids on Israel.

The Maronites feared that the well-armed Palestinians would not only create a P.L.O.-run state within a state inside Lebanon but also turn the country into another confrontation power. In 1975, as clashes between Christians and Palestinians escalated into full-scale civil war, the Maronite militia turned to Israel for arms and training. A certain elitism—and a mutual hatred of Syrians—has nurtured the longstanding bond between the Israelis and the Europe-oriented Maronites, who regard themselves as a bastion of Western civilization in the Arab world. As a Christian militia officer explained last week, "We feel, like the Israelis, that we are on the spot be-

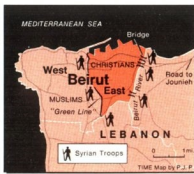
cause we are better. We let the Syrians into our country because Syria was too poor to feed them." Nevertheless, the Christians cheered when Syrian troops moved into Lebanon in 1976, thereby preventing radical Muslims and Palestinians from wiping out the hard-pressed Christian armies.

Affection very quickly turned to estrangement after the Syrian peace keepers ordered the Maronites to lay down their arms, while making no similar demands on the Palestinians. Chamoun and Gemayel began laying the groundwork for partitioning Lebanon and creating a pro-Israeli Maronite state along Syria's border. When Gemayel's Phalangists murdered the son of Assad's friend Franjeh and more than 35 other pro-Syrian Christians in June, Syria became convinced that the plot was already in motion. Assad was further alarmed when the Camp David talks foreshadowed a separate Israeli-Egyptian peace, thereby tipping the military balance between Israel and "rejectionist" Arab

states even further in Israel's favor.

At that point, Assad began a methodical campaign of attrition against the Christians. So far, the campaign has had mixed results. About 300,000 Maronites have become refugees; their schools, businesses and other institutions have been destroyed. The vast majority of wealthy Christians have fled the country, leaving behind only the fighters and those too poor to buy a ticket to safety.

But the remaining Maronites are far from giving up. "Morale in the Christian areas is extremely high," reports TIME Correspondent Dean Brelis from Beirut. "In shell-shocked East Beirut, some bakers have fired up their ovens, repair crews are at work fixing broken water lines and restoring electricity. People who intend to stay on are stocking their shelters with Israeli canned goods. The Christians' ability to bounce back from adversity is remarkable. Throughout the civil war, their sections of Beirut were free from garbage and crime, in marked contrast to the areas under Palestinian control. Once more the Maronites are demonstrating their competence and courage. When a group of Christians trying to escape from East Beirut came under Syrian machine-gun fire, their leader shouted, 'Let's keep going! It's better to be shot standing up than getting it in the back on the ground!' That kind of pluck would, of course, be put to better use in a peaceful Lebanon. But as a Christian militiaman grimly forecast last week, 'We are prepared to fight for the next 40 years.'"



RHODESIA

Mr. Smith Goes to Washington

But he fails to move the Senate or make his point

In Frank Capra's classic cinemalogue play, *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*, an idealistic hick politician successfully filibusters the Senate into accepting his impassioned arguments. Last week another Mr. Smith—also a country boy, albeit a shrewd one from a far country—went to Washington seeking somewhat the same kind of improbable result. But to no avail. After four whirlwind days in the capital promoting his "internal settlement" approach to biracial government in Rhodesia, Prime Minister Ian Smith failed to impress even many of the 27 Senators who had invited him to Washington over State Department objection.

The Prime Minister was accompanied by the Rev. Ndabangini Sithole, the most

that all four members of the executive council are prepared to attend "with no preconditions" an all-parties conference on Rhodesia's future, sponsored by the U.S. and Britain, and including Patriotic Front Leaders Joshua Nkomo and Robert Mugabe. After checking out Smith's statement with his Rhodesian advisers, State Department African experts concluded that the Prime Minister's remarks represented "no change of policy."

The Administration is convinced that Smith has long since lost sight of Rhodesian reality. Reported one U.S. diplomat who sat in on last week's sessions with Vance: "Smith maintains that everything is just fine, as though it could go on forever, even though his casualty rates,

"an opportunity" to succeed, he has formally denied making any flat promises to Smith about recognition or the sanctions. Beyond that, State Department officials argue that Smith's idea of majority rule involved a very restricted black electorate and special privileges for Rhodesia's whites—in short, continued minority rule. "Two years later, he says he's now willing to accept the original formula," says one U.S. negotiator. "Well, that was two years ago, and things have changed."

Smith's halfhearted commitment to equality for blacks was demonstrated by an announcement from Salisbury last week—not timed to the Washington visit—proclaiming the end of the country's racial discrimination laws. Bishop Abel Muzorewa, another black member of the executive council, beamed as he announced the change: "I am so happy I could jump off the top of the roof." In fact, the laws still must be passed by Rho-



Anti-Smith demonstrators in Washington

When the commitment to equality is halfhearted, a repetition of old ideas becomes a recipe for disaster.



Rhodesia's Prime Minister and the Rev. Sithole during press conference on Capitol Hill

eloquent of the three black leaders who sit with him on the executive council that is preparing the way for Smith's concept of black rule in Rhodesia. The two leaders had a two-hour session with Secretary of State Cyrus Vance; as they left the State Department surrounded by Secret Service agents to protect them from placard-waving demonstrators, Smith grimly characterized the meeting as a sparring session in which there was nothing more than "a repetition of old ideas." In a pointed rebuff, Vance did not even bother to escort Smith from the State Department building as he customarily does with visiting dignitaries.

President Carter flatly refused to meet the Rhodesians, telling a press conference: "I do not intend to see Mr. Smith. There is no reason for me to meet with him." Smith's best moment, as a result, was a session with the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. There he declared

emigration and capital outflow are higher than ever. Our concern is that if Smith stays firm on the internal settlement, it is a recipe for disaster."

To all who would hear him out, Smith patiently insisted that his internal settlement fulfills the conditions of an agreement he made with former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger in 1976. In brief, Smith said, he agreed to majority rule for the breakaway British colony within two years; in return, the U.S. and Britain would recognize the legitimacy of his government and end the United Nations sanctions that have plagued Rhodesia's economy since 1966. "Our case is watertight," said Smith. "We cannot understand what is wrong."

In fact, answer U.S. diplomats, several things are wrong. Although Kissinger last week cautiously suggested that the U.S. should give the internal settlement

desia's white-dominated assembly, and economic restrictions replace the legal fiat that are to be abolished. Under the new laws, for example, blacks are free to seek treatment in hospitals hitherto reserved for whites, but they must pay a \$15-a-day room fee in addition to medical expenses, and the average African worker earns a scant \$882 a year. Schools in white areas will be open to people of all races in the neighborhood—a meaningless right, as in the U.S., for blacks who cannot afford to live in expensive suburbs where the best schools are.

Prospects for an immediate convening of an all-parties conference were not good. White Rhodesians believe that this Anglo-American goal is unrealistic, under present circumstances, and only encourages the guerrillas to carry on their fight. In addition, the Patriotic Front leaders and their supporters in the "front-line states" are at odds over the decision by

World

Zambia's President Kenneth Kaunda to reopen his border with Rhodesia in order to import much-needed fertilizer. Tanzania's Julius Nyerere and Mozambique's Samora Machel flew to Zambia in a vain effort to persuade Kaunda to reverse his decision. "I feel like I've lost a friend of 20 years," said Nyerere after leaving Lusaka. Mugabe, the Marxist leader of the Mozambique-based Zimbabwe African National Union (ZANU), was also outraged by the decision. Conceding that Kaunda had acted out of "economic necessity," a ZANU statement said that the decision to

reopen the border was "extremely embarrassing" since it "boosts the sagging morale of a disintegrating settler economy."

Mugabe had reason to be worried. According to rumors in Lusaka and Dar es Salaam, a new scenario for settling the Rhodesia problem was afoot. With Zambian support, the British would eventually move into Rhodesia after Smith resigns and install Joshua Nkomo of the Zimbabwe African People's Union as head of a new interim government. That would leave Mugabe and his radical allies out in the cold. ■

"We Gave Them What They Wanted"

During his visit to Washington, Prime Minister Ian Smith was interviewed by Bureau Chief Robert Ajemian and TIME correspondents. Excerpts:

On Majority Rule. I have always believed in qualifications for the vote—a kind of meritocracy, as opposed to democracy. I think it leads to better government. I am critical of the system [in which] a man who is an absolute rotter, a crook, has the same say as the best man in your land, the most brilliant man. I wonder whether democracy will survive under those circumstances.

But Dr. Kissinger convinced me that unless we accepted majority rule, we had no hope of surviving as members of the free world because even those few friends of ours would no longer be able to help us. We made this traumatic decision and gave them what they wanted. We were told if we accepted "one man, one vote," we would be readmitted to the free-world community, sanctions would be removed and terrorism would end. That was the bargain that was struck. But in 1966 [the U.S. and British governments] broke the contract.

On the Talks with Vance. We were sparring, we didn't make any ground. We're not opposed in principle to an all-parties conference, but we are opposed to going with preconceived conditions. For example, the Anglo-American plan would liquidate the Rhodesian security forces. This would lead to absolute chaos. Then they want to establish an appointee of the British government as virtual dictator. We wonder why this is necessary. The Americans and British say [Joshua] Nkomo is the man, that you can forget [Robert] Mugabe. Now, I don't say that [British Foreign Secretary David] Owen and Vance specifically say they love Nkomo and they want him appointed. They are going along with the wishes of the Organization of African Unity and the front-line states, which support Nkomo. The U.S. and Britain don't want to cross the O.A.U.

On the Patriotic Front. We offered a place to Nkomo on the Executive Council but he turned it down. He wants to come back as the appointed leader of the transitional government. But that is the crux of the matter: he must be elected. If he had any sense, he would have come in at the beginning. But the longer he stays out, the more he loses his internal support.

On the Front-Line States. [Samora] Machel [of Mozambique] and [Kenneth] Kaunda [of Zambia] want to end the Rhodesian problem even more than I do. U.S. and British recognition of the internal settlement would give them the out they are looking for. Kaunda said to me once, "If only the British government would have the guts to face up to its responsibility in settling the issue, while I would make a few unpleasant noises in public for a few days, that evening I would fall down on my knees and thank the good Lord." He wants it resolved desperately, as does Machel. Kaunda is looking for this opportunity because he is getting to a stage where Nkomo has more men under arms in Zambia than Kaunda does. The same applies to Machel, who is becoming disillusioned with Mugabe.

On a General Election. I must be honest and say that I don't think we are going to be able to comply by the end of the year. I hope I am wrong. [But] the less terrorism, the easier it will be to hold the election, because otherwise, intimidation is rampant and it is difficult for people to exercise a free vote.

On Governing Rhodesia with Black Colleagues. It turned out far better than I expected. All of my white associates are surprised at the agreement we have received and the logic and common sense we have gotten from [our] black colleagues. We have found that when they are working constructively within the confines of government, they are far more reasonable and responsible than when they are outside appealing to the electorate.



Daniel arap Moi taking oath of office

KENYA

A New Father

The peaceful transition

The ceremony was as flavorful and varied as Kenya itself. Native chieftains in python-skin and ostrich-feather robes, Indian women in flowing, pastel-shaded saris, black and white Kenyans in khaki safari outfits or pinstripe suits crowded around the dais in Nairobi's Uhuru (freedom in Swahili) Park. Hundreds of tribal dancers in monkey-skin skirts and black feather headdresses swayed rhythmically, rattling anklets made of Coca-Cola bottles and ululating cries of praise. Naval battalions boomed out a 21-gun salute, and there was an ear-cracking, low-flying aerobatics display by fighters of the Kenya air force. At the center of the colorful hosannas, a leather-bound Bible in his hands, was Daniel Toroitich arap Moi, 54, who swore to serve the people of Kenya "faithfully and impartially" as the country's second President and successor to the late Jomo Kenyatta. The country's Anglican archbishop presided over an ecumenical thanksgiving service.

Arup Moi's festive induction late last week symbolized Kenya's achievement in effecting a painless, peaceable transition of power following Kenyatta's death in August after 15 consecutive years of rule since national independence. Indeed, in the turbulent politics of black Africa, arap Moi's ascension is almost unique. Said a State Department official: "We are witnessing a succession achieved without violence or the threat of violence. All the prophets of doom have been proved wrong." An editorial in Zambia's *Daily Mail* concluded: "If the old man came

Trumpeter Mountain, British Columbia, Canada

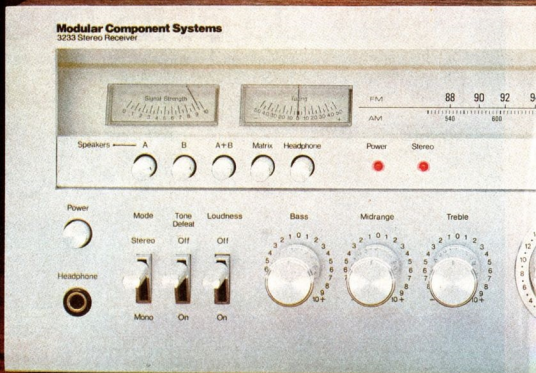
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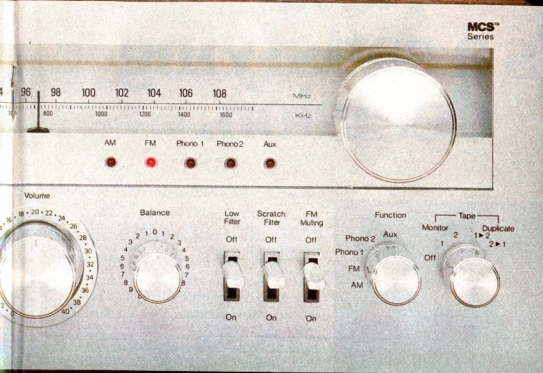
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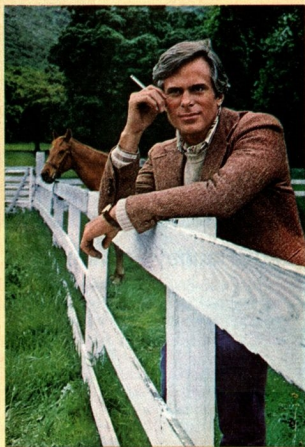
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World

back from the dead, he would be very pleased with himself."

There was a price for the tranquil change, and arap Moi appears to have cheerfully paid it. Kenyatta's hand-picked Vice President for nearly a dozen years and Acting President since the death of *Mzee* (the old man), he won the job, more or less, on the assumption that he would not make too much of it. A member of the minority Kalenjin tribal group, arap Moi will be particularly dependent on three powerful figures who belong to the dominant Kikuyu tribe: Minister of Natural Resources Mbiyu Koinange, 71, Attorney General Charles Njonjo, 58, and Finance Minister Mwai Kibaki, 47, whom arap Moi straightaway appointed as his Vice President. That trio, along with Kenyatta, has plotted Kenya's pro-Western, pro-capitalist course for the past several years. Their support guaranteed arap Moi's unopposed selection by a caucus of the country's only party, the Kenya African National Union.

In personality, arap Moi could not be more different from his flamboyant, autocratic predecessor. A teetotaling, shy and straitlaced man whose most salient characteristic is an occasional flash of quick temper, he has been described as having "about as much charisma as a dry maize cob." The son of poor farmers in the Great Rift Valley, arap Moi had by 1946 become headmaster of a government school in Kabarnet. He was one of the first Africans in Kenya to enter politics, and one of the first to be appointed to the pre-independence, British-dominated national Legislative Council.

The longest-serving member of the Kenya National Assembly, arap Moi is known as "the father of the House"—a pallid echo of Kenyatta's favorite title, "the father of the nation." Says one Western diplomat in Nairobi: "The man's no Kenyatta. But it's rather like the American system of choosing a fairly ordinary guy whom quite a lot of people respect and few really hate."

The new President is well aware that political continuity is his major selling point. Says he: "I am confident we can contain any situation if we are seriously concerned with peace and stability." Arap Moi's program is relatively modest in its ambitions: it includes more equitable land reform, further diversification of the heavily agricultural economy, and increased Kenyan participation in private enterprise. He has also vowed to fight political corruption. That could be a real challenge. Among the Kenyans who prospered mightily during *Mzee's* regime were members of his extensive family. Kenyatta's widow Mama Ngina, among others, amassed impressive landholdings. The father of the House sees no contradiction. "We shall build Kenya" he said, "into a single monument to the everlasting memory of our father of the nation in the living spirit he himself taught us."

CHINA

Chopping Off the "Rat's Tail"

New purges reinforce Teng's power

For several months, wall posters in China's capital have been attacking Peking Mayor Wu Teh—most significantly as the RAT'S TAIL OF THE GANG OF FOUR. That menacing epithet suggested that the mayor would soon follow Chiang Ch'ing, Chairman Mao Tse-tung's widow, and her radical Gang of Four into political disgrace. Last week the writing on the wall was confirmed when Wu, 68, was replaced by Lin Hu-chia, the mayor of Tientsin. Although Wu will retain his seat in the 23-man ruling Politburo, Chinese officials said that he will be sent to a special "cadre school," one of the reform camps for ideologically wayward leaders, there to spend long hours studying Mao and Lenin and laboring in the fields.

Wu's ouster was a stunning victory for Vice Premier Teng Hsiao-p'ing, 74, who has emerged as China's major policymaker since his return to power last year. Bitter over the obloquy and humiliation heaped upon him during the Cultural Revolution, Teng has been purging the party ranks of officials who rose to prominence in those turbulent times. Chief among his targets have been those, like Wu, who attacked Teng personally, even forcing him to parade through the streets of Peking wearing a dunce cap.

Even after Premier Chou En-lai had helped to reinstate Teng, making him a Deputy Premier in 1973, Wu was among the officials who continued to oppose him. In 1976, when Teng was deposed a second time, for supposedly having fomented riots in Peking's T'ien An Men Square, Wu made a serious mistake. The mayor

branded Teng a "capitalist roadster," one of the worst insults in the Communist Chinese lexicon. After Teng made his sensational second comeback some 15 months ago, even attempts to save Wu by some key Politburo leaders failed to protect the mayor from the Vice Premier's vengeance.

Teng has survived to see his once scorned pragmatic economic program adopted as state policy. At the same time, thousands of provincial party leaders have been purged as co-conspirators of the Gang of Four, and Teng loyalists who had been ousted by the gang have been rehabilitated. In one huge demonstration in Shensi province last month, 741 people who had been branded by the radicals as a "black den of spies" were welcomed back to the party fold. Two weeks ago Teng stage-managed the removal of Tseng Shao-shan as first party secretary of industrial Liaoning province in north-eastern China.

"There's an inexorable quality to Teng's way of operating," says one Hong Kong Sinologist. "He patiently isolates and weakens his enemies and then, when the moment is right, he gets rid of them altogether." Analysts believe that the Vice Premier's power grab worries Chairman Hua, who has been attempting to keep the purges from splitting the party leadership into pro- and anti-Teng factions. The fact that Wu lingers on in the Politburo suggests that Hua has somehow worked out a face-saving compromise—allowing Teng his vengeance while preventing bloodshed from weakening party unity.



Deposed Peking Mayor Wu Teh and Vice Premier Teng Hsiao-p'ing

A face-saving compromise that allowed for vengeance but prevented bloodshed.

World

BRITAIN

Sealicide

Stalking *Halichoerus grypus*

A bizarre and motley flotilla played tag last week in the frigid northern waters off Britain's Orkney Islands. Leading the chase was the 120-ft., red-and-white-hulled vessel *Kvitungen*, carrying six expert Norwegian seal hunters to and fro between half a dozen uninhabited islands. Snapping at their heels was the 500-ton trawler *Rainbow Warrior*, crewed by 14 militant ecologists. Bringing up the rear were three boatloads of eager journalists, with reinforcements overhead in helicopters and light aircraft. At stake in the curious nautical exercise were the lives of some 6,000 generally inoffensive members of the species *Halichoerus grypus*, commonly known as the gray seal.

Normally the British government goes out of its way to safeguard gray seals, of which 100,000 are known to exist worldwide. About 14,500 of these have breeding grounds in the Orkneys, and they have been on Britain's protected species list since 1914. Lately, however, British fishermen have complained that the voracious mammals have been eating too much of the depleted whitefish and salmon stocks in North Atlantic waters. The government's Scottish Office, with headquarters in Edinburgh, agreed with the fishermen that the seal herd must be thinned out. It called on the Norwegians, armed with 7.62 mm Mauser rifles and 4-ft. pickax bludgeons known as *hakapiks*, to dispatch 900 mother seals and 1,700 fluffy white pups in the first phase of the culling program. Local hunters have been licensed to kill 3,200 more pups.

The decision drew howls from envi-

ronmentalists, politicians and some local Orkney residents. Liberal M.P. Jo Grimond, who represents the islands at Westminster, called on Secretary of State for Scotland Bruce Millan to ask if the slaughter was really necessary. The U.N.-backed International Union for Conservation of Nature and Natural Resources added its own objection. In Edinburgh, anonymous protesters threw bricks through the glass storefronts of five companies selling hunting equipment.

The most serious challenge to the hunt came from an environmental organization called Greenpeace, led by David McTaggart, 47. A veteran of the annual seal-hunting protests in his native Canada, McTaggart six years ago sailed a wooden ketch into the South Pacific in a futile attempt to halt a French atomic bomb test. This time he vowed to keep a cordon of conservationists between the Norwegians and their prey. Said McTaggart: "There is no way they can stop us, short of sending in the police."

The odd naval engagement began not far from Scapa Flow, traditional wartime port of the British navy. Whenever the Norwegians headed for land in their squat, diesel-powered skiff, crewmen from the *Rainbow Warrior* in inflatable boats powered by 50-h.p. outboards began darting across their path. Orcadian volunteers pitched tents on the breeding-ground islands, ready to frighten the seals into the water at the approach of the hunters.

At week's end the score in the peckaboo hunting match stood at seals and conservationists 1, hunters 0; frustrated by thick fogs and the energetic efforts of the environmentalists, the Norwegian seal hunters had withdrawn farther offshore, possibly waiting for the public hue and cry to die down before making another attempt at sealicide.



Award-Winning Huntsman Nicolae Ceaușescu

RUMANIA

Bear Fact

Ceaușescu gets another prize

Some unkind critics might think that Rumania's party boss, Nicolae Ceaușescu, was trying to encourage a well-cult of personality. Bronze heads and busts cast in his image dot the country. He has twice been declared a Hero of the Socialist Republic of Rumania. His uniform as commander in chief of the Rumanian armed forces is encrusted with medals. He has been acclaimed in the adulatory party press for "exceptional creativeness in philosophy, political economy, history, education, science and culture." Now, as a fitting cap to this imposing catalogue of achievements, awards and encomiums, the diminutive dictator has been officially honored as a sportsman.

Armed with a rifle, Ceaușescu went hunting in the craggy forest land of the northeastern Carpathians, home of the wild Rumanian brown bear. There, according to the International Council of Hunting and Game Preservation, Ceaușescu shot the largest bear ever recorded in the history of hunting in Europe. This month, the general manager of the council, François Edmond-Blanc, presented Ceaușescu with a golden plate. He declared that the Rumanian leader had beaten the previous world record by 100 points, according to a complex formula involving the bear's size and the quality of its fur. A bit of East Bloc one-upmanship added to Ceaușescu's triumph. The previous record holder was the president of neighboring Yugoslavia, Josip Broz Tito.



Rainbow Warrior (left) confronts *Kvitungen*; insets: seal pup and Conservationist McTaggart

Howls of protest and thrown bricks in defense of inoffensive but voracious mammals.



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Special Report

China Says: "Ni hao!"

*Majesty, squalor, civility and smiles in a gee whiz Instamatic Blur**And I only wrote half of what I saw...*

—Marco Polo, recalling his travels in China, A.D. 1324

The People's Republic of China is as much a land of paradox and poesy, blood, sweat, glory and incongruity as the riven country that greeted Marco Polo. The temples and tombs, palaces and pagodas and gardens, majestic mountains and mighty rivers, art and artifacts as old as civilization: they are all there, glittering, tangible and not quite believable. Off the usual tourist track are the ramshackle tenements, mud-walled village cottages and the grinding labor of the peasant, equally hard for the Westerner to comprehend. They will all become picture postcards of the mind, but on first encounter they are closer to hallucination than reality.

A tourist is prepared for the pyramids or the Parthenon. But the Great Wall of China? More than 2,480 mortised miles of esplanade, built over the bodies of 300,000 serfs and some of the world's ruggedest mountain terrain, to no ultimate military purpose. On a windswept turret of the wall completed in 214 B.C., in a 500-year-old pavilion of the Forbidden City or Soochow's leaning Tiger Hill Pagoda (it has a 3 1/2" tilt), the visitor is not so much awed as numbed. Who were—and are—the people who could construct such fantasies? What else have they wrought? Are there other such marvels and monstrosities to be seen or expected? The Foreign Friend, as he is designated today, faces the same quandary that confronted the great Italian: Can I record half the things I have witnessed? Will anyone believe me if I describe them?

The latter-day Polo, the F.F., comes with camera, tape recorder and ballpoint pen. Thus he returns with certain authenticated truths. He comes also with the knowledge that he is visiting the world's most populous nation, perhaps a billion people inhabiting a land mass only slightly larger than the U.S. It is of course a Communist nation long opposed to America. It is an authoritarian society in which the late Chairman Mao Tse-tung's sayings, statue or visage (often today paired with that of Chairman Hua Kuo-feng) dominates every public place—though Mao buttons and the once ubiquitous lit-



Interpreter-guide in the Forbidden City

The Trip by Ship

The de-luxe way to go is by cruise ship. Aboard the trim (250 ft.), Swedish-operated M.S. *Lindblad Explorer* on a recent trip from Tokyo to Hong Kong were 103 single-class passengers paying about \$3,500, two American Sinologists and three tour guides, led by Travel Entrepreneur Lars-Eric Lindblad, known to the Chinese as Lin-bladder. The group included TIME Senior Writer Michael Demarest and old China hands Photographer Carl Mydans and his reporter-wife Shelley. Day by day:

Ship docks on Shanghai's Whang-poo River. Busy first day sightseeing. Second day, to Peking for manic 14-hour slog that takes in Great Wall, Forbidden City, sumptuous banquet. Third, more Shanghai. Shopping, sights and concert. Fourth, to Wusih and on to Soochow for the night and another crammed rubbernecking day. Sixth, Shanghai. Seventh, sail for Canton. Eighth, ninth and tenth days at sea: slide shows, lectures, no chopsticks. Eleventh, arrive Canton. Temples, museums, other sights. Twelfth, by plane to beautiful Kweilin, two days. Fourteenth, back to Canton: another temple, shopping, concert. Fifteenth day, to Foshan for temples, pottery factory, *téng, téng* (etc., etc.). Back to Canton for fabulous final banquet. Sail for Hong Kong, waved off by 17 interpreter-guides. WARMLY SAYING GOODBYE TO LIN-BLADDERS!

tle Red Book of Mao's quotations are seldom seen today. The people professedly live and work by Mao-Marxist clichés insisting that everyone's labor is for the greater good of socialism. In reality, as in any other country in the world, that means work hard and make a buck.

Descending from ship or train or plane, with a minimum of immigration fuzzbuzz, the F.F. sees the world's most intensively cultivated fields, wheat and rice and sorghum and countless vegetables, pressing to the edge of every road, rail and airport runway. He sees the back streets of cities, busy from dawn to dusk, where every human activity save copulation is conducted alfresco. Then occurs the gee whiz Instamatic Blur. The people smiling and waving and clapping from city sidewalks and country lanes. The painfully hand-inscribed WARMLY WELCOMING boards. The impression, away from every preprogrammed and official event, that this is an extraordinarily relaxed, amiable and open society.

Interpreters, guides and Responsible Persons (i.e., bosses) have received the message: Be nice to our Foreign Friends; they are our guests. In the villages and factories and back streets that are visited without advance notice, the people are as warmly receptive as any on the scheduled tour. Only in these places, in small takes, can the visitor fight free of Instamatic Blur. He/she will not begin to understand China; even the Chinese do not profess to understand China. However, by osmosis and ingestion one can return home with vivid brush strokes on the mind.

China is... China, the ancient Middle Kingdom, the world's oldest continuous civilization, a people and a nation that for 4,000 years has regarded the rest of the planet with condescension, if not contempt. China is at the same time a modern country of exquisite civility and, for now, past its sanguinary internal disruptions, of eminent practicality. The People's Republic, urgently in need of foreign funds, technology and support, has only in recent months begun to lift the Bamboo Curtain for Americans; 15,000 U.S. tourists will have visited the mainland by year's end.

The average visitor today does not venture far beyond two dozen cities, though the Chinese promise access next year to such regions as Szechwan, Inner Mongolia, even Tibet, all hitherto denied



On the Whangpoo River, off Shanghai's Bund, the magnificent old European-built waterfront, cargo-carrying junks set sail in the pre-smog hours

the ordinary voyager. Though the Foreign Friend's days are rigorously ordained—factory, school, temple, tomb, museum, commune, clinic, department store and garden—any early-rising, enterprising F.F. can roam at will, sniffing, savoring, snapping, visiting and, with the help of an interpreter, freely conversing.

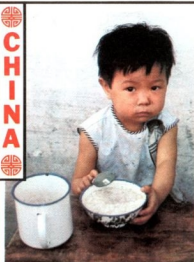
The Chinese are dismally housed, for the most part, with one of the world's densest urban populations. Yet in Shanghai or Canton, there is little sense of the tensions and frictions so close to the surface of American, European or other Asian cities. One explanation is that the citizenry is governed by a public ethic that was not evident before the 1949 Revolution, or Liberation, as the Chinese prefer to call it. If, for example, a young person comes home with a wristwatch or a transistor radio that has obviously been stolen or otherwise illicitly acquired, he must not only surrender it; he must also undergo a somewhat Orwellian regimen of "self-criticism."

Life in China begins before dawn. On city streets, which are the patios and front yards of the oppressively cramped worker, mothers braid daughters' lustrous black hair in time for school, sisters hang out the laundry on poles, grannies mold patties of coal dust and mud, fuel for the evening meal. Aunties hurry home with the rice ration in open bowls. Fathers split wood, small children chop vegetables. Good ole boys play Chinese chess or *pai-fen*, a complicated poker.



Above: Shanghainese at morning exercises. Below: peasants tending cabbages near Canton

Photographs for TIME by Carl Mydans



Small boy breakfasting on Soochow sidewalk

People of all ages stop to buy rice porridge or *yu-tiao*, a deep-fried cruller that sells for 2c. Others, in every available space, are somberly engaged in *t'ai-chi-ch'uan*, the balletic, trancelike exercise that is supposed to tone all muscles and compose the soul.

The streets are amazingly clean. A mother, holding up a baby boy for a bowl of movement on the sidewalk, swiftly bundles up the deposit, which will find its way to a paddyfield. Nothing reclaimable or recyclable is left for the garbage dump. There are no garbage dumps to be seen in China. Bands of women polish the streets with straw brooms. In Canton, the trash receptacles are big blue porcelain urns that would grace any American front porch. There are no dogs in Chinese cities.

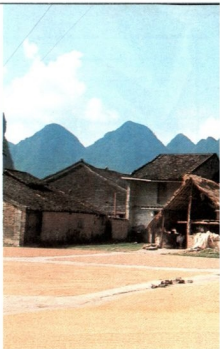
By 5:30 a.m., in every town and village, the streets fill up with traffic. The narrow roads are as cram-jammed as a Los Angeles freeway—but not with cars. Olive-drab trucks and gray buses honk fu-

riously through an almost impermeable mass of freight-laden pedestrians, carts hauled by horses, water buffaloes, tractors and bent-over peasants, and seas of bicycles and tricycles, many also laden with cargo. Fortunately for the traveler, most cargo is dispatched through the efficient railway system; other long-distance shipments go by boat, sailed, put-putted, poled and paddled along China's endless rivers, canals and coastline.

There are no private cars in China. In fact, there is only 1 automobile per 10,000 people, which works out to fewer than 100,000 cars in the whole country. Any non-taxi is reserved for high party or military officials, who are cozily protected from the vulgar gaze by frilly curtains. Workers mostly transport themselves by bicycle ("self-moving vehicle"), a sturdy unisex model that does not have gears, pump or lights, although it is equipped with a bell, in constant use. To buy a new jingling bike, a citizen must produce around \$90 and a form from his place of work certifying that he needs one for the good of society. Nonetheless, there are 2 million bicycles in Peking alone, perhaps twice as many in Shanghai. On city streets they form the Great Wheel of China. Non-bicyclists travel by shanks' mare, jampacked buses or a three-wheeled, one-cylinder contraption that can take six passengers. Rickshaws have been abolished since the Revolution, but there are still a few pedicabs, tricycles built for three in which the driver pedals and two passengers ride in self-conscious glory.

By and large and mostly small, the Chinese are quite homogeneous in appearance: black-haired, dark-eyed, flat-nosed, small-boned, flat-breasted (the slim, trim women, that is) and fresh-complexioned.

There are no blonds to be seen in China. Thus it should come as no surprise—though it does—that a bevy of American tourists attracts wondering, chuck-



Rice crop is set out to dry in the mountain-ringed

ling crowds. Foreign Friends soon realize that they are both funny (peculiar) and funny (ha-ha) to the Chinese: redheads and blonds and curly longhairs of all colors and sizes and shapes, adipose executives, buxom wives and bewigged widows, all big-nosed, round-eyed, redolent of alien fragrances and, by Chinese standards, outside, oddly dressed—and—face it—ugly. "Are all Americans old?" a shore-bound group from the *M.S. Lindblad Explorer* is asked. "Are most Americans fat?" The inquiring interpreter is most respectful: old age and adiposity (*viz.*, Chairman Mao) are venerated in China. No, it is explained to him, anyone who can afford a first-class cruise-ship ticket is not likely to be either very young or too lean.

The well-prepared winter visitor brings long johns and sweaters. In sum-

Soochow artisan makes silk embroidery of old pagoda painting

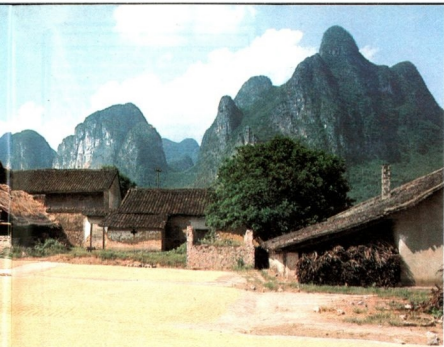


Newspaper delivery on Canton street



Soaking swimmers greet Foreign





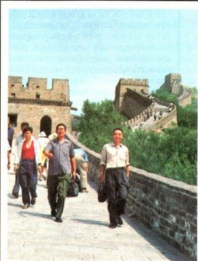
yard of a commune near Kweilin, on the famed Li River

mer he comes with short-sleeved wash-and-dry shirts. There are no neckties in China. The climate in summer is a sauna bath; almost everything worth seeing requires climbing. A must in any season is Lomotil or another anti-diarrhetic, and throat lozenges, to combat the dust and coal smoke in the air. The F.F. must be prepared in advance for the virtual or entire absence of air conditioning, ice water, ice cubes, ice cream, poached eggs, hamburgers, French fries, lamb chops, orange juice, cocktails, nightclubs, good grape wine, potable soft drinks (a prevalent banana concoction tastes like carbonated Brylcreem); cigars, low-tar cigarettes and Di-Gel; Kleenex, Band-Aids, shower curtains, shoeshines; and, with no sense of loss, lawns, pubs, sidewalk cafés, casinos, credit cards, commercials, news, Muzak,

golf courses, public tennis courts, headwaiters, muggers and prostitutes.

Whatever else may be missing in the People's Republic, China and the Chinese more than compensate the open-minded visitor. The Foreign Friend leaves with indelible memories of faces and places, good manners and memorable food, candid conversation and cultural confrontation. A jumble of vignettes on a parchment scroll:

In front of The East Is Red department store in Wushih, Carl Schweinfurth, a 6-ft. 6-in. businessman from Mount Vernon, Ill., snaps a Polaroid picture of a young mother with babe in arms. Two minutes later, he hands her the color print. Within one minute after that, a crowd of perhaps 500 people has assembled to look and marvel at the picture.

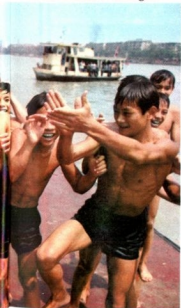


Chinese tourists on the Great Wall

After much fingering, it is courteously returned to Subject Ma. After this a quintet of F.F.s take a stroll through Wushih's back streets. They are immediately surrounded by laughing, chattering locals, many descending from homeward-bound bicycles. "Ni hao! Ni hao!" (How do you do?) Congeniality on such a scale can be slightly frightening, but it is authentic and spontaneous. Back in the hermetic bus on the way to the railroad station, Richard Lloyd Jones, president of the Tulsa (Okla.) *Tribune*, mops his brow and remarks: "This is how F.D.R. must have felt riding down Pennsylvania Avenue the day he repealed Prohibition."

The Chinese word for train is literally "fire cart." The Shanghai Express, though, is no coal burner. A sleek Diesel locomotive hauling 20 cars leaves from the Shanghai Station's Platform 5 for points west and north at precisely 6:30 a.m. From the engine to the rear two cars reserved for the F.F.s,

Friends at a club for teen-agers



Ballerinas of tomorrow rehearse in Shanghai classroom



Mother and daughter split peas for lunch in Soochow



Sampan on the Li River near Kweilin



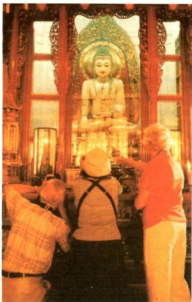
the train is a vivid green with a yellow midriff stripe. The passenger takes his choice of a seat designed to accommodate two or three people on each side of a linen-spread table on which covered mugs of hot tea are waiting. The window is lacerated, the seats are adorned in immaculate, frilly-bottomed slipcovers. On each table there is a live potted plant, a bonsai tree or a cactus. The tea is constantly replenished by one of the white-jacketed attendants, four per car; the humid air is churned by eight overhead fans. The toilet, like all Chinese toilets except those in hotels and the better restaurants, is a hole in the floor. The cars are of Victorian design but recent manufacture. "If only we had sherry and biscuits," muses a Briton, "this could be the *Flying Scotsman* 40 years ago."

Plane travel for the long-legged American can be agony. CAAC, the national airline, apparently arranged its seating for friendly pygmies. Other F.F.s, half-paralyzed in flight, are resuscitated with free Chunghua cigarettes, bags of candy, and People's Kool-Aid, when what they need is a massage and a double martini. The cigarette-puffing pilot wears no uniform or cap, only the white shirt and baggy blue pants of the worker. Given decent weather, planes leave and arrive on time. The air lanes are as vacant as Wall Street on a Sunday. The airports are as empty as a cathedral on a Monday. Clearly, airports are primarily military airbases, though Peking's runways are now being widened for tourist-bearing jumbo jets. On the tarmac at Kweilin are rows of biplanes, all gassed up to fight World War I.

The Chinese are decently if unimaginatively dressed. In most cities men and women wear light shirts over dark trousers, though some city women now sport brightly printed blouses and skirts. The occasional high official may be spotted by his well-cut, gray, unbaggy Mao suit with four pockets on the tunic (lesser ranks have only two). Though the Chinese are



Students and F.F. at Children's Palace



Jade Buddha commands cameras in Shanghai

renowned for making seductive jewelry, no man or woman in the People's Republic seems to wear any: no beads, bracelets, bangles, necklaces or rings on ear or finger. Asked why not, a pretty young interpreter snorts: "I'm not an aborigine!"

The Chinese are as enchanted by the foreign phrase as is the Westerner by their proverbs. After only one day of shepherd-ling Americans, a thirtyish male guide has learned to say (repeatedly), "Let's get the show on the road!" Using another terminological acquisition at every opportunity, he inquires, "Are we all bright-eyed and bushy-tailed?" Not all such cultural exchanges are so felicitous. On a flight from Shanghai, Mr. Liu, a Responsible Person, warns: In the event of airsickness, "please use paper bag for environmental hygiene."

A pharmacy in Kweilin dispenses a range of panaceas that includes ginseng cigarettes (for smoker's cough) and Male Silkworm Tonic (for impotence). At clinics in Shanghai, Wushih and Foshan, tour-weary Foreign Friends seek massage and acupuncture treatment for whatever ails them. Frances Aldridge of Key Biscayne, Fla., gets needles in her neck to assuage a pinched nerve. She swears it works. Her husband Frank takes acupuncture for an arthritic foot and thereafter climbs mountains without a cane. Their joint bill: \$2.

Chinese gastronomy is among the world's most elegant and diverse. There are more than a dozen different and distinct regional cuisines, and in each city the cooks vie to outdo their competitors elsewhere. A banquet consists of several dozen delicacies, orchestrated with regard for flavor, texture and color. Each begins like an opera, with an enticing overture leading ineluctably on toward the major arias. Because they lack space for pasturage, the central Chinese south of the Yellow River do not eat much beef or lamb. Most specialties are based on chicken, duck, pork, bountiful vegetables and a huge variety of fresh-and-salt-water fish and shellfish. It is basically a cuisine of survival, in which every last conceivably usable ingredient



Visitor photographs fellow voyagers and Chairmen in Shanghai square



Shopping for antique sleeve bands at store for foreigners

Special Report

goes into the pot. How about smoked ducks' tongues? Fish eyes and spiced chicken feet? Wine-braised camel's hump, a delicacy of the Manchu emperors, is not, alas, generally available.

In Canton, the epicurean epicenter, a banquet mounts to such glories as Phoenix Meets Dragon in Brilliant Courtyard—a spicy consummation of chicken breasts (symbol of femininity) and ham (for masculinity)—and a casserole of clear-simmered Lions' Heads; lacking lionburger, they consist of leonine pork meatballs in a gingery sauce. Some dishes, such as egg fu yung and fried rice, are familiar to Americans, since at least 90% of all Chinese food served in the U.S. is based on Cantonese recipes. But the real meal in China—Peking duck, for example—could not be mistaken for one in Chinatown, U.S.A. Almost all Cantonese dishes are steamed or stir-fried. Texture and flavor are not masked by heavy sauces that elsewhere can disguise unfresh ingredients. In Canton, they say, the shrimp come wiggling to the table.

At the Soochow Hotel, the masterpiece of the meal is Beggar's Chicken, fit for a millionaire. The bird is wrapped in lotus leaves, encased in clay and baked for four hours. The very special guest is allowed to break open the potted poultry with a golden hammer. In Kweilin's Li River Hotel, the aesthetic highlight is a bowl of bouillon on which float three yellow-eyed ducklings made of egg white. The culinary triumph is a sweet-and-sour fresh-water mandarin fish, confected with ham, onion, potato, sausage, mushroom and ginger. It is sculptured to resemble a squirrel, hence the dish is announced in advance by one interpreter as "tree rat," provoking preprandial nausea among several F.F.s.

Anywhere in China, the banquet follows protocol rules as rigid as those of the minut or mah-jongg. Beside every place setting are three glasses: a big one for beer and two shot-size glasses that will briefly contain *mao-tai*, a colorless 160-proof liquor that could power China's first moon shot, and a red, rice-based wine that tastes like a blend of Campari and cough syrup. The beer, bitter and warm, is served immediately and may be immediately sipped. The *mao-tai* and the wine, however, are reserved for toasts, which soon ensue, copiously, capaciously and loquaciously. Most are raised—and why not?—to Friendship Between Our Peoples. One of the first words the F.F. learns is *kan-pe!* Bottoms up! (literally, dry glass). Several hosts between toasts indicate that it is inadvisable to take only a sip of the rocket juice. "You have to drink in one gulp," advises one Responsible Person. "Otherwise you get headache."

Amazingly, by 6:30 a.m. the overcasted F.F.s are out of their hotel rooms and banging spoons for breakfast. (They dutifully use chopsticks for every other meal.) After such curiosa as fish-flavored omelette and jasmine tea cakes, washed

down with surprisingly good coffee, the Westerners stand meekly, punctually, in line to See China. What they get to see ranges from astounding to zilch.

Peking (pop. 7.5 million) is one of the great monuments of civilization. Off T'ien An Men (Gate of Heavenly Peace) Square, the vastest (100 acres) public plaza anywhere, lies the Forbidden City, now styled the Former Imperial Palaces. This manic maze of pavilions and palaces and gardens is a wonder of the world. Assembled over five centuries by 24 celestially approved emperors and more than a million laborers, the Forbidden City is not only a marvel of space, extravagance and style but also a dazzling repository of art, in gold and silver, ivory and jade. Restored and maintained by a crew of 1,000, it makes Versailles look like a nouveau riche country mansion. In the hills northwest of the city is the Summer Palace, which was largely destroyed in 1860 by Britain's Lord Elgin, son of the seigneur

and cating places. Shanghai winks, but never sleeps.

The Bund, the magnificent old waterfront promenade, is decaying, but is as imposing as ever in the pre-morning light. The ornate colonialist skyscrapers now house party and government offices. Gone from in front of the old Hongkong & Shanghai Bank are the bronze Britannic lions. Another old bank has been transformed into an absorbing museum of ancient art. The Peace Hotel, built as the Cathay by Sir Victor Sassoon in the mid-1930s and now the premier hostelry for Western visitors, is creaky and listless, but it can still mount a banquet worthy of an Emperor. At a school in Shanghai's Yangpu district, 34 exquisite young voices rehearse a song that turns out to be pure Maozart: *We Follow Our Chairman*. In a nearby room at the Children's Palace, a finely tuned orchestra of eleven-year-olds, playing traditional Chinese fiddles, flutes, dulcimers,



Cargo ships from all over the world jostle for space near Shanghai, China's busiest port. Ashore, a hungry, sleepless metropolis with the vibrancy and hustle of New York.

who took the marbles from the Parthenon. Rebuilt in 1888 by the dotty Dowager Empress Tz'u Hsi, diverting funds allotted for naval construction, the imperial *plaisanterie* occupies 700 acres and attracts huge numbers of Chinese rubber-tombs. And then there are the Ming Tombs and, a few hours away, the Great Wall. Otherwise the city is nondescript and marred by Stalinoid architecture.

Shanghai, the world's largest metropolitan area (pop. 10.8 million), is China's leading trading center and second biggest industrial city. Gone are the 60,000 foreigners who ran the city as a fiefdom for a century. Gone too are the singing girls and the 30,000 prostitutes who once filled the streets, and the opium dens and the gambling halls. The people are louder and livelier and more independent than the prim Pekingese. Shanghai has the vibrancy and hustle of New York. It boasts 140 round-the-clock (*jih-ye*) shops

string drums and mandolins, bursts out with *My Old Kentucky Home*. More than 1,000 children a day study the arts and sciences at this school "in order to achieve modernization." Carefully selected from ordinary schoolrooms, they return to regular classes after a year of intensive instruction and impart their skills to other kids.

An hour's ride from downtown Shanghai is a teeming farm called the Hsinching People's Commune. It is a model establishment, or it would not be on the F.F. itinerary. As the buses arrive, all hands of all ages are out to greet them, all smiling and hand-clapping (it beats weeding). The F.F.s, after *Ni hao!* and handshakes, are waved toward basins of cool water and stacks of fresh towels. Then they troop in for the Brief Introduction, the ritualistic prelude to any tourist attraction.

The Hsinching commune, like any farm within hundreds of miles of Shanghai, exists to meet the city's insatiable appetite. Its 2,330 acres are planted mostly with vegetables, though the commune also raises rice, wheat, animal fodder and some livestock. The peasants are particularly proud of their plump chickens, which they say are of a Chinese breed; in fact, they are White Leghorns and (appropriately) Rhode Island Reds.

Hsinching has a population of 21,626; the peasants privately own and cultivate 8% of the land. The commune has a busy, fair-sized hospital staffed by 30 nurses and 40 paramedics, "barefoot" doctors: its bare-toothed dentist boasts that every last piece of equipment was made in Shanghai.

Shanghai boasts China's best department store. Called Number One, the stark, cavernous but well-stocked emporium attracts 100,000 shoppers a day. There are always eager crowds, but no lines, around the toy counter, which offers such items as a huge stuffed panda for \$47, a solidly built dump truck for about \$4.75, and a battery-powered submachine gun for \$6.25. A Shanghai-made black-and-white TV set costs around \$428, a solid-state radio \$33. A nice chess set goes for \$8.50, good basketball shoes for \$5.25. The high-collared *Chung-shan chuang*, the so-called Mao jacket, made of heavy blue or gray cotton and well stitched, is a bargain at \$11; a matching Mao cap costs \$1.50. Friendship Stores in each city, catering to foreigners, offer more exotic but in many cases bargain-priced goods such as embroideries, porcelain, jade jewelry, furs, silks, scroll paintings and antique furniture. The attendants seem scrupulously honest. At some of the antique stores, though, the young comrades behind the counter are apt to be woefully ignorant of the *objets d'art* they are selling. In Wushu, a customer reasonably well versed in Chinese asks a salesgirl the exact meaning of the calligraphy on a 200-year-old wall scroll. Her hesitant reply: "Aim high to build our country," which is purest Mao. The scroll actually reproduces a philosophical poem by the Ch'ing dynasty's Tsu Shao-tseng.

Some of the most attractive handicraft objects are to be found at small stores off the tourist track: lacquered woven bamboo handbags, hand-painted nesting boxes in all shapes, ceramic *poudriers* that could be used as cigarette boxes, silken parasols, cloisonné bangles. Many of these eye-catching, easily stowed artifacts are sold in the U.S. for ten times the going price in China.

Hotels range from shabby-chic to seedy, the best being reserved for Western visitors. Kweilin's three-year-old, 300-room Li River hotel is about average. The rooms are furnished in Grand Rap-

Special Report

A Tale of Two Families

Westerners cannot fail to be fascinated by the living standards of the Chinese; many Chinese in turn are almost as curious about details of *mei-kuo*—American—life. In the People's Republic, cash earnings are minuscule, but its people pay no income taxes, housing costs are nominal or nonexistent, medical care and education are virtually free. And there is minimal inflation. Profiles of two Chinese families: the one factory workers, the other peasants on a People's Commune:



The Ts'ao's in their modern apartment at Kweilin

Four of the five Ts'ao family members are factory employees. Ts'ao Hung-ch'i and his wife Ch'en Su-ch'ing, both 42, and their oldest daughter, Ts'ao Su-wing, 24, work in Kweilin's Measuring Equipment Factory (micrometers, T squares, etc.). A younger daughter works at another plant, and their son is in school. As a factory worker's son, the boy has a good chance of being accepted at a university—if he can pass his exams and shows a "good attitude." The Ts'ao's combined monthly income is about \$117. They pay \$2.40 a month, including electricity for four bulbs, for a pleasant, three-room apartment in an eight-year-old block of flats for factory workers. It has no kitchen (they eat in canteens), but the Ts'ao's have cookouts on their balcony. They have no running water and share a toilet with several other families. The Ts'ao's probably would not be encouraged to have three children today.

Ch'en Ho-kuang, 39, and his wife Wang Yen-liu, 36, are field hands on the Ta Li People's Commune near Canton. Country people fare quite well, at least in fertile farming areas. Like all the other peasants in Hao Mei village, the Ch'ens own their own house, a fairly new whitewashed brick building in a row of ten attached tile-roofed dwellings on a narrow lane. Their home, which they share with three daughters, 11, 9 and 4, consists of a small entry hall, large living room and sizable bedroom, small kitchen and back court with privy; they bathe in a communal facility. The tile-floored, high-ceilinged rooms are hot in

summer, but they have an electric fan. Among other coveted "things that go round," as the rural Chinese put it, they have an electric clock, a sewing machine and two bicycles. The rooms are adequately furnished: three beds, a desk, a large table, nine chairs, fluorescent-light tube, two big jars for storage of rice and a small glass-topped dresser on which sits a bowl of fruit. After deductions for their semiannual oil and rice allotments, the Ch'ens earn around \$29 a month, though this depends on "work points," earned on performance in the field. They also raise some food—and possibly extra cash—on a small private plot. They do not keep up with the Wus next door, a family of nine with five working members, who bring home more than twice as much income and have a two-story house. Nonetheless, the Ch'ens have a savings account earning 2.5%.



The Ch'ens cooking lunch in Hao Mei

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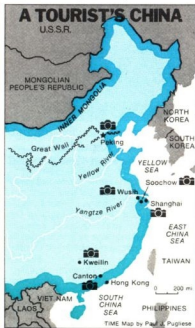


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ids style. The beds have pallets, but no springs, no Western-style mattresses, no top sheets; maid service consists of dumping a clean sheet and a blanket on the bed, to be made up by the guest. There is a plentiful supply of mineral water, beer, soft drinks and cigarettes, and a thermos of hot water and a package of tea leaves. There are also small red ants in the bed, but they are not predatory. The Kwellinese are trying, however. A paper strip across the toilet seat announces, in Chinese and English: DISINFECTED. There are two differently scented bars of soap, both pink; the toilet paper, also pink, is labeled (in English) Kapok. The Most Luxurious Toilet Tissue.

Better by far is the Tung Fang (meaning Eastern) Hotel in Canton, China's southernmost big city, the commonest point of entry and sole destination of many Foreign Friends. The Tung Fang is a bustling, 2,000-room place with a new air-conditioned wing. The rooms (\$12.50 for a double) are larger, more comfortably furnished, mattressed and antless. At the Tung Fang it is even possible to obtain a few ice cubes, and the laundry service is Chinese-immaculate and cheap (a shirt well ironed for about 5¢). The hotel has also recognized the F.F.'s paramount problem: What to do after 9 p.m.? Its cavernous eighth floor has been designated Café-Bar. Therein until midnight the visitor can eat watermelon or sherbet, sip his choice of poison, from tepid beer to *fu-te-ka* (vodka), and yak until yawn. Sorry, no floor show, dancing or Hangchow-panky, though such dubious distractions are doubtless only a few short years away.



Special Report



Five of a kind playing pal-fen, the Chinese poker, on a sidewalk in sunny downtown Canton

Canton is sassy, sophisticated—and shabby. Its 3 million people are uniquely exposed to the outside world. Within hiking and swimming distance are British-ruled Hong Kong, where many thousands of mainlanders have relatives, and Portuguese-administered, anything-goes Macao. The twice-yearly Canton Trade Fair lures swarms of foreign wheeler-dealers, from Macy's and Neiman-Marcus, Fiat and Hitachi. Yet Canton is no showcase. The Cantonese do not radiate the physical vitality of most urban Chinese; many are poorly clothed. There are more people milling aimlessly and noisily around than in other Chinese cities. The Pekingese call the Cantonese "shrike-voiced barbarians."

At the same time, the Cantonese have the most attractive zoo (more than 200 species, with four show-stealing pandas); one of the world's most renowned botanical gardens, Yueshiu Park, with more than 100 varieties of orchid; the exquisite Temple of the Six Banyan Trees, built circa A.D. 480; and the nearby Temple of Brightness and Filial Piety, built some 2,400 years ago. A short air hop from Canton is tranquil Kwellin, a delicate beauty spot on the fabled Li River, ringed by eroded limestone peaks that could have been assembled by a stage designer.

Wherever the visitor goes, he is charmed and intrigued by the place names. A limestone peak in Kwellin is called Piled Silk Hill for its varicolored layers of rock; the structure at its top, up 400 (count 'em) stone steps, is the Cloud-Catching Pavilion. A little pleasure in Wushih has been known for 470 years as Leave Your Pleasure Garden—ever since the man who built it was summoned to high office in far-off Peking and, not being able to take his heart's delight with him, bequeathed it to the populace. The spectacular park in Soochow bears, after 4½ centuries, the sardonic name of Humble Administrator's Garden: the grounds were constructed over 16 years by a corrupt official who was anything but hum-

ble. After his death it was gambled away by his son in one night. A mountain on the Li River is called Elephant Trunk Hill because, with only a slight squint of the imagination, it looks like a mighty pachyderm slurping from the stream. An adornment of Peking's Summer Palace is called the Jade Belt Bridge; it might well girdle a goddess.

The Chinese seem to be more relaxed at work than almost any other people in the world. They make time to gossip, rest their eyes and sip tea. The applicable Confucianism here may be: "The able man is never busy; the busy man is unable." Nonetheless, Chinese workers put in long hours, six days a week, with only six days off a year for national holidays. This seems to be true at every level of society. Though productivity is still low by Western standards—mostly for lack of modern machinery—the Chinese have made dramatic economic progress in the past 30 years. At plant after plant, commune after commune, the F.F. is treated to a list of impressive production gains. "God!" exclaims a Western rancher after hearing one such catalogue. "If only I had some Chinese workers!" Some Chinese exemplars might even apply to Western bosses. Lars-Erik Granqvist, skipper of the *Lindblad Explorer*, sought out the head of the biggest Shanghai shipyard to discuss terms for drydocking his ship next spring. Finding no one in what passes for the executive suite, the captain learned that the shipyard's Most Responsible Person was down on the wharf, doing his required weekly stint as a common laborer.

—Michael Demarest



Even on the Great Wall, graffiti

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11:50 am	Tu Su	via Anchorage	4:30 pm

FLIGHT 4: Daily 747 return service to Chicago

LEAVE TOKYO		ARRIVE CHICAGO (Same day)	
3:20 pm	ex Mo We	NONSTOP	12:50 pm
3:20 pm	Mo We	via Anchorage	3:37 pm

FLIGHT 7: Daily 747 service from Seattle/Tacoma

LEAVE SEATTLE/TACOMA		ARRIVE TOKYO (Next day)	
1:40 pm		NONSTOP	3:35 pm

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Time Essay

The Menace of Fanatic Factions

"Liberty is to faction what air is to fire." When he wrote those words, James Madison clearly expected the faction-ridden nation he helped found to go right on producing special-interest groups constantly pressing for advantage. But even the prescient co-author of the *Federalist* papers might be amazed at the abundant fulfillment of his vision by Americans of the late 1970s. The nation has entered a period of ascendant factionalism, a time when the larger desires of society can scarcely be heard for the insistent clamor of its numberless segments.

It is the era of the strenuous clique and the vociferous claque, of artful pressure groups and willful activists who effectively control many things by veto and filibuster. Factions of all sizes and configurations, alike only in self-service and single-mindedness, tend to dominate virtually every salient issue of the day, be it abortion, water conservation, nuclear power or the location of bridges and expressways. Draw an issue anywhere and contenders will rally on both sides, or several sides, shouting up influence out of all proportion to their numbers. These days every political and social issue tends to be seen as a consuming cause, and Americans who throw themselves into public controversies increasingly tend to become single-issue champions—crusaders.

Groups pushing one cause only are growing both in number and political importance. They tend, in a time of fading political parties, to dominate the debate of all problems and often prevail in the resolution. They have become the undertakers for the professional politician's career and the manipulators of legislative bodies. What they cannot achieve by law they are often willing to achieve by defiance. They have, most of them, an aversion to cooperation, conciliation and compromise.

Historically, the U.S. has been at pains to make sure that small factions are not pushed around by any overbearing majority. Today, such is the fragmented atmosphere of public discourse, that it is sometimes hard to remember that majority will or consensus exists, and, indeed, these seem to crystallize less and less often nowadays. When truckers dislike a nationally mandated speed limit, they turn into an instant faction and willfully protest the law with massive slowdowns. Los Angeles motorists, irritated by an experimental expressway lane for car poolers, defeat it not with persuasion and argument but by circumventions and defiant traffic blockages. It has become commonplace to see popular sentiment disdained, frustrated and sometimes decisively defeated by willful factions of minuscule size.

What members of these factions forget is that they are citizens not of a cause but of a country of many causes. The adamant attitude that gives some motorists victory on the expressway may well propel some other faction to triumph on another issue—environment, conservation, name it—in a way the motorist might deplore.

Take the gun-control issue. Though polls have long shown overwhelming popular support for handgun registration and regulation, opponents repeatedly triumph in state legislatures and Congress. Thus the pro-gun lobby, embodied in the National Rifle Association, stands as a pluperfect example of the single-issue factions. The N.R.A.'s traits and methods—passionate, un-

compromising zeal combined with keen organization and ruthless skill at pressure tactics—are widely copied.

Thoughtful resolution of many a current national issue has been thwarted or confounded by single-minded groups. Dissatisfied with different particulars of President Carter's proposed energy policy, extremists against decontrol ganged up to block it—or any reasonable compromise—for 18 months. Zealots on both sides have also muddled the real issues surrounding the Equal Rights Amendment. Small bands of protesters and a few smart lawyers have tied up construction of nuclear-power plants, although polls repeatedly show that two-thirds or more of the public favor them. The maneuverings of a confusing profusion of factions have put off any meaningful overall doctoring of the almost universally criticized tax system; the tax reduction bill that was emerging from Congress last week was, not surprisingly, a hodgepodge of revisions sought by a miscellany of special-interest factions. The public credo of the new factionalism is as self-

centered as the private philosophy that pervades the so-called Me Decade: Do-it-my-way-or-not-at-all.

This fanatical attitude and the vindictiveness that goes with it have given rise to the one-issue politics that is conspicuous in this election season. Too many voters decide for—or more often against—a candidate on the basis of his stand on a single question. For example, New York Governor Hugh Carey's future may well ride not on his respectable record in office but on his stand against capital punishment. Single issues, and particularly those heavy with questions of social value and morality, are deciding political destinies in more and more jurisdictions. Such a trend can only narrow the scope of debate and diminish the already insufficient willingness of leaders to give thought—and voice—to the question of the larger general welfare.

The rise of factionalism has occurred right along with some general diminishing of the traditional American respect for the sensibilities of others. Under the reign of permissiveness (made possible only by the acquiescence of a majority of Americans), a handful of pornographers flaunt their wares heedless of the public incidentally offended, and pimps herd their whores along city streets with the same tyrannical disregard for those they might offend. It has become commonplace for owners of gigantic transistor radios to lug them onto public transportation (against taste and some city laws), blaring as though the world were a private concert hall. Under the skin they are kin to the nudists who invade public beaches from time to time to exhibit what a great many people would as soon not see. Such segments of society may not amount, technically, to factions, but they surely display a kindred do-it-my-way arrogance. The same spirit has suddenly turned smokers and non-smokers into acrimonious adversaries in many places.

Large and small pressure groups or activist groups are exercising their new muscle legally even when they stray beyond the bounds of civility, as they frequently do. Nobody questions their right to behave as they do, and even critics who recall with distaste the triumph of the zealous temperance crusade that, in 1919, got the Prohibition amendment passed could cite occasions when dedicated dissident groups have served the na-



DRAWING BY WHITNEY DARROW JR. © 1978 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.
"Well, if you feel left out, why don't you join one of those Citizens Concerned About Something groups?"

Essay

tion's higher interests admirably. Indeed, today's factional enthusiasm is usually tracked to two such instances: the civil rights movement and the anti-Viet Nam War movement.

Both were launched by numerical minorities, both ultimately succeeded and both taught the larger American public lessons about the efficacy of organization, demonstration, passionate dramatics and exploitation of the mass media. The tacticians of those movements, dealing with fateful and fundamental issues, could plausibly justify using every available technique, including civil defiance. The trouble is that not only the techniques but the fervid spirit of the rights and antiwar movements are being adopted for general application in almost all social and political controversies. Some groups of Long Island residents howled and demonstrated effectively for a while against the Concorde's landing in New York as if it were a fresh incursion into Cambodia. In North Carolina, where wets and dries fuss interminably over the issue of legalizing liquor by the drink, all partisans tend to hurl

themselves into the fray as though life and death depend on whether brown-bagging survives or goes by the boards. When the zealous spirit prevails, all perspective seems lost.

Burgeoning factionalism has a healthy side: it draws fresh people into public activity. Yet no matter how well it satisfies particular narrow causes, sooner or later it must damage larger public values. Eventually, as Political Scientist Norman Ornstein of Washington's Catholic University puts it, "You have too many decision makers and too many groups trying to exercise a veto over decisions, and with that you reach a paralysis in government." In the extreme, there could be worse things than paralyzed government. There could come a breaking of that basic spirit of accommodation and mutual respect that, in the final analysis, is the very heart of American democracy—but not an abstract matter of "goodness." Everybody's self-interest is ultimately undermined when the capacity for give-and-take and conciliation erodes.

—Frank Trippett

Science

Six New "Eyes" On the Sky

An extraordinary telescope nears completion

Located atop a parched, rocky mountain some 40 miles south of Tucson, Ariz., the squat, rectangular building with the gaping hole in its sides and roof looks like a space-age barn. In fact, the strange structure is somewhat out of this world. Now in its final stage of testing, it is the prototype of a new generation of giant optical telescopes that could open fresh vistas on the heavens—and, by astronomy's standards, at bargain-basement prices.

A joint project of the University of Arizona and the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory, the extraordinary telescope, unlike other reflectors, does not use a single primary eye on the sky. Instead, it has six main mirrors, each with a diameter of 1.8 meters (72 in.). Arrayed in a circle and directing their light on a common focus to produce a single image, they gather as much light as a traditional 4.5-meter (176-in.) instrument. Thus, the so-called Multiple-Mirror Telescope is exceeded only by Palomar's 5-meter (200-in.) mirror and the new Soviet 6-meter (240-in.) telescope.

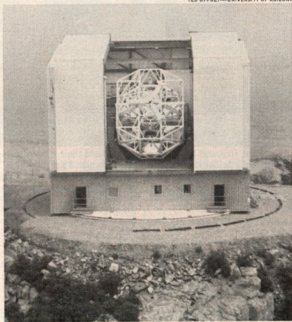
Why six mirrors when one would do? Because it is far easier to cast, grind and mount several small mirrors than one huge one. At \$8 million, MMT's cost was a fourth of a comparable conventional telescope's price.

The basic idea for multi-eyed monsters is not new. Even while they were building Palomar in the 1930s, astronomers realized that if they wanted still larger instruments they would

need less expensive technologies. Yet many doubted that it would ever be possible to get several smaller mirrors to scan the heavens precisely in unison. Explains MMT's acting director, Neville Wolf: "The problem is comparable to getting six headstrong prima ballerinas to dance as if they were one."

In 1970, Arizona and Smithsonian astronomers joined forces on just such a telescope. Its locale: the summit of Arizona's 2,600-meter (8,500-ft.) Mount Hopkins.

TOP OFFSET—UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA



The new Multiple-Mirror Telescope atop Arizona's Mount Hopkins

Like getting six ballerinas to dance as if they were one.

There was great need for the instrument; with their field undergoing explosive growth, U.S. astronomers were already waiting a year or more for a few precious days' viewing time on one of the nation's handful of major telescopes. MMT's builders had another incentive: the Air Force had available a number of lightweight 1.8-meter blank mirrors, presumably discards from its spy-satellite program.

Five years in building, MMT incorporates many design innovations. All six mirrors, plus a small .8-meter (30-in.) guide telescope in the center of the cluster, are mounted on a single Y-shaped yoke that tilts and turns like a gun mount. Rather than a traditional dome, MMT's designers opted for a cheaper rectangular

building that rotates with the telescope. A small moat keeps out dust and stray snakes, scorpions and rats. Yet MMT's most unusual feature is its internal laser tracking system. It enables all six telescopes to follow the same object across the skies with an accuracy of .1 second of arc, roughly equivalent to keeping a quarter in the cross hairs of six separate gun sights at a distance of about 25 km (15 miles).

All six MMT mirrors have been exposed to what astronomers call "first light," and the new instrument should be operational by early next year. For astronomers, the heavens can hardly wait. Because of MMT's high and dry desert perch, it should be highly effective in exploring the skies in the largely neglected infra-red portion of the spectrum. These longer wave lengths are especially useful for studying such cosmological mysteries as the birth of stars and the violence in the heart of distant galaxies and quasars that may well be caused by those baffling black holes.

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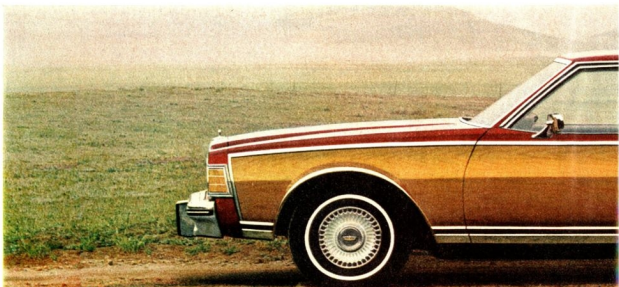
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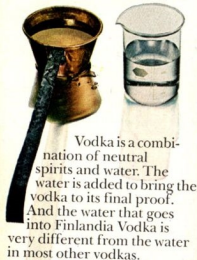
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Cinema

Behind the Wall

VIOLETTE

*Directed by Claude Chabrol
Screenplay by Odile Barski, Hervé Bromberger and Frédéric Gredel*

Violette Nozière was a pretty and a dissolute French working-class girl who, in 1933 at the age of 18, poisoned her mother and father. The father died, but the mother survived, and at her trial for murder Violette claimed that this outcome was deliberate. She murdered him to escape his incestuous attacks, she said, and merely gave her mother enough poison to disable her so that she could not rescue her husband.

The crime and trial created an enormous stir, which Director Claude Chabrol has depicted—there are angry crowds and balladeers singing laments in the street outside the courthouse—but his main interest is in the spoiled innocence of Violette. She is played with astonishing virtuosity by an extraordinary young French actress named Isabelle Huppert. Violette's twisted mind seems to have been truly monstrous. The incest story was pure invention. She got her parents to swallow poison by telling them it was medicine. Yet something in her character was capable of generating sympathy. What we see in Actress Huppert's portrayal is a scrubbed and plain schoolgirl who escapes from the stuffiness of her parents' small apartment, puts on makeup and fashionable clothes in a hall lavatory and swings gallantly out into the night.

Even before the murder, she is trapped and knows it—and does not care. Her response to hopelessness is a drink and a shrug. She lets herself be picked up by a rich young man. After they have slept together, it is clear that he expects to pay her; but with a fine gesture she takes some wadded franc notes from her purse, drops them on the bed and leaves.

The visual quality of the film is lush—sets and actors perhaps too lovingly dressed in period trappings—but Huppert gives astirngency to the scenes. The camera lingers on her plump, spoiled, intelligent face, and it is possible to see the wall that she has built between herself and the world. Behind the wall is Violette; what she may be is only partly guessable. Her crime is solved, but the mystery remains.

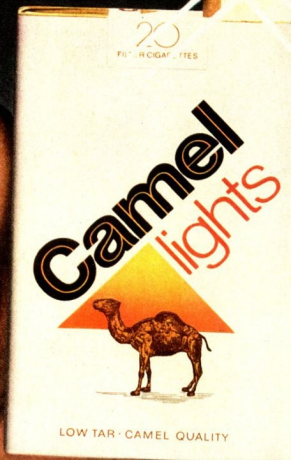
Director Chabrol's strategy is the appropriate one: simply to watch Violette with obsessive fascination, in the hope of catching a clue. Not many actresses could make this sort of scrutiny fruitful, but Huppert has the knack of suggesting endlessly watchable depths. The film ends (after Violette has been sentenced to be guillotined, then reprieved and sentenced to twelve years in prison) as did *The Lace-*

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Cinema

maker, the first movie in which she starred: with camera and character staring at each other gravely and impassively, until the screen goes dark. — John Skow

Huppert's performances are so strikingly vivid and so markedly personal that they seem not to be performances at all. After seeing *The Lacemaker*, in which Huppert played a sweet dull-minded girl broken by her first love affair, it is impossible to believe that in real life she is not at least slightly bovine. *Violette* (for which she won the Best Actress award at this year's Cannes Festival) leaves the viewer convinced, contrarily, that she must be willful, neurotic and blown about by stormy emotions. Neither turns out to



Huppert beside poster for *Violette*

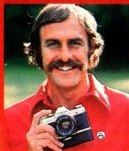
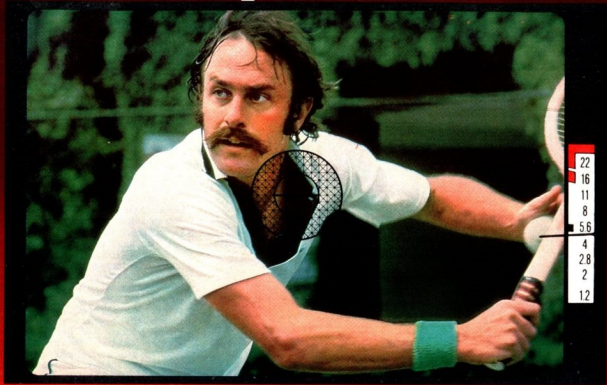
Endlessly watchable depths.

be the case. Her face is lively and full of intelligence, and it shows none of the opacity that she assumed for these two roles. At 23, she is a small fair-skinned redhead, wearing, for lunch in New York, a professional beauty's noontime getup: pants and a T shirt.

She talks with animation and the slightest of accents. Yes, she says, the similarity in the endings of *Violette* and *The Lacemaker* was intentional: it was Chabrol's way of tipping his hat to Claude Goretta, the director of the earlier film. But she notes that the endings are only the same "for the camera—visually. For *Violette*, you know, the ending is open; there are chances for her. For Beatrice in *The Lacemaker*, it is closed, without the possibility of hope." In a way, she goes on, the two films are about young women and authority, one struggling, one submitting. The theme is important to her, and she sees the two differing stories as part of her own artistic development.

There has been little torment and op-

Winners pick a winner.



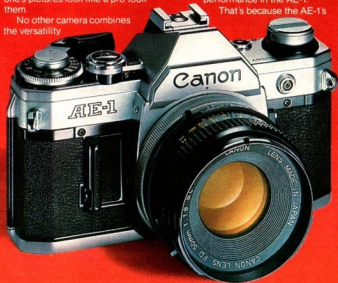
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Cinema

pression in Huppert's own experience. She was the clever youngest daughter in a big, prosperous Parisian household, and her parents (her father is a manufacturer of safes, her mother an English teacher) were full of encouragement when she decided that she wanted to change her educational direction from Russian studies to acting. At 15, freckled, a bit chubby, with the look of a beauty five years before she would be beautiful, she had a small part in *Faustine et le Bel Été*. Even then she was very much self-propelled, and by now she has an unusually firm idea of what she wants to do with her career. She has just finished playing Anne, the youngest Brontë, in André Téchiné's *The Brontë Sisters*. She prefers directors who let actors work out their own interpretations. This list includes Goretta and Chabrol but not the notoriously tyrannical Otto Preminger, for whom she played a part in *Rosebud*, his not very successful film of a few years ago. "He yelled so much," she recalls.

Then, lunch over, she trots off in the direction of Lincoln Center, where *Viollette* is to be shown at the New York Film Festival. Elsewhere, at this very moment, producers are using her name to dazzle bankers, and writers are stubbing out cigarettes and typing lines that tell of bruised innocence. There are so many small, pale, lightly freckled and heavily troubled young women to play. So many older ones, when the wine has matured. She wants to do Lady Chatterley. She wants to buy some American jeans. The sun is shining on Central Park West, and the world is young. ■

Slow Boil

WHO IS KILLING THE GREAT
CHEFS OF EUROPE?

Directed by Ted Kotcheff
Screenplay by Peter Stone

The people who cooked up this thrill-less thriller are not entirely incompetent: they have brought Robert Morley back to the screen. In the role of a haughty gourmet-magazine editor, Morley puts on a hilarious show. He pats his gargantuan stomach as lovingly as a child might fondle a stuffed Teddy bear. He raises his bushy eyebrows so high that one expects them to graze the ceiling. He turns the mere act of getting up from lunch into a dainty comic ballet. Ordered by his doctor to lose weight—*half* his weight—Morley adamantly refuses. "I have eaten my way to the top," he announces in his most imperious manner. "I am a work of art created by the finest chefs in Europe." Robert Morley is indeed a work of art. How nice to find him back in the movies, after too many years spent hawking plane tickets on the tube.

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After Two Years			
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\$60.00 a month	\$1440.00	\$2880.00	\$4320.00
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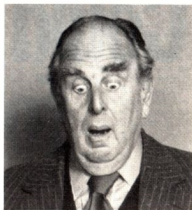
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CBS



Cinema



Gourmet Robert Morley in *Chefs*

A Teddy bear tummy that is a work of art.

film over to Morley. Unfortunately, they use the actor as an appetizer rather than the main course. About half an hour after the picture begins, Morley surrenders center stage to his romantic co-stars, Jacqueline Bisset and George Segal; *Chefs* suddenly ceases to be a jolly satire on the cooking craze and becomes an exceptionally talky whodunit. The movie soon dies as ignominiously as its title characters—drowning in a stew of ketchup-colored blood and rancid red herrings.

Aside from the witty lines he fed Morley, Screenwriter Peter Stone has concocted a script strewn with terrible puns ("Ban the bombe") and snickering double-entendre gags that make all the tired connections between food and sex. The arbitrary plot about a chef murderer hops from place to place on the slightest whim. It is little more than an excuse for cameo appearances by top European actors (Philippe Noiret, Jean-Pierre Cassel, Jean Rochefort) and restaurants (Paris' Tour d'Argent, London's Café Royal). The settings are sumptuously photographed by John Alcott (*Barry Lyndon*), but Ted Kotcheff's direction is lifeless. Were it not for the creepy musical score and endless interrogation scenes, it would be difficult to tell that *Chefs* is a suspense drama.

Perhaps to compensate for the movie's so-what story, Stone has also tried to fashion a Hepburn-Tracy relationship for his hero and heroine. Bisset is cast as the world's greatest (and probably thinnest) pastry chef, while Segal plays her ex-husband, a fast-food maven whose philandering broke up the marriage. It is not the actors' fault that they walk through the film with plastic smiles: the characters' debates over the merits of *haute cuisine* and Big Macs are as predictable as their final reconciliation. Besides, it strains credibility that this couple ever split up in the first place. How could anyone married to Bisset even think of carrying on with another woman? It's easier to imagine Morley making a TV pitch for the Scarsdale diet.

—Frank Rich

Press

All the News That's Fun to Print

Some famous but shy writers have the Times of their lives

If all goes according to plan, print-starved New Yorkers will wake one morning this week to find that yet another daily has apparently joined Rupert Murdoch's *Post* in reaching a separate peace with the city's striking press unions. The 24-page paper, selling for a rather extortionate newsstand price of \$1 (the result of a costlier-than-expected union settlement, the paper explains in a front-page notice), looks just like the *Times*, only more so.

The Page One lead story by *Times*-man R.W. Papple Jr. recounts the brief reign of Pope John Paul John Paul I, who died 19 minutes after the coronation ceremony in which he took the names of three predecessors. Elsewhere on the page is a photo of the Queensboro Bridge falling into the East River under the weight of 10,000 marathon runners. Another story, under the headline FALL SEASON THROWN INTO CONFUSION BY STUDIO 54 BLAZE; ISRAELI REACTION MUTED, tells how the disco burned to the ground after Owner Steve Rubell refused to admit the firemen because they were not chic enough.

A glance at the paper's handy News Summary indicates that not much has changed in the world, or the *Times*, since the strike began Aug. 9. "The border war between Aduhila (formerly Moax-ablio) and Amoravia (formerly the Shoo-vah), was abruptly broken off yesterday when it was discovered that the two nations share no common boundaries," according to one item.

Unfortunately—or perhaps fortunately—none of the summary items are to be found elsewhere in the paper. But the issue is groaning with typically insightful international reporting (NOTHING OF GREAT SIGNIFICANCE HAPPENING IN AFRICA OF LATE), trenchant Washington analysis (CARTER FORESTALLS EFFORTS TO DEFUSE DISCORD POLICY), and upscale ads (for Nonwit Teller, Bloomindale's, Eve Saint Laurent's new Heroine perfume, and one white space labeled "This ad stolen by the New York Post").

In the Living section—renamed Having—the paper remains on the cutting edge of contemptuous consumption. One article describes how trendy New Yorkers are tearing down the walls of their

apartments to convert them to lofts. There is a guide to the best street corners in town for having one's car windshield washed by a derelict. Food Writer Craig Stillborn describes how to capture and cook the "versatile, if elusive" bat.

The *Times*' editorial policy continues to reflect the same cosmic concerns as before the strike. WHITHER DÉTENTE? asks the lead editorial, which never bothers to answer. The editorial page includes the inevitable ode to nature's awesome wonders, titled AUTUMN'S FALL ("Now does the deep-throated maple hush its cheery warble..."). On the Op-Ed page, Columnist James Rest writes from Balkh, Asia Mi-

Trouble is, hardly any of the alleged perpetrators would own up to it. "I had nothing to do with this," chuckled Chris Cerf, an editor for Children's Television Workshop and a purported ringleader. "I can give you a list of other people who weren't involved as well. It's also not true that we used the Plimptons' apartment to put the paper together. I ought to know. I was there all week." Freddy Plimpton denied that her husband wrote a brilliant parody of *Times*man Red Smith's sports column. Similarly, *New Times* Senior Editor Kevin Buckley denied that he and Frankie FitzGerald collaborated on the parody of Reston, and Tony Hendra, a former *National Lampoon* editor, denied that he posed for the photo of the Pope.

Rusty Unger, a former book editor and *Village Voice* columnist, denied that the paper's 100,000-copy press run was printed by Garber Publishing Co. in Toledo, denied that Garber had agreed to finance the venture in return for the first \$20,000 in revenues plus 30% of the rest, and denied that any profits from the venture would go to the Neediest Cases Fund that the New York Times sponsors each year.

Why all this reticence? "It's more fun like this, to play a guessing game," said Freddy Plimpton. Other alleged participants may be motivated by fear of possible *Times* retaliation. Said one of the four or five *Times* employees who lent assistance: "I've been on strike for two months. I have ten kids, my mortgage payments are overdue and I've had to pawn my Cuisinart. If Abe Rosenthal

ever found out I was part of this, he'd have me back on the police beat in Amoravia, formerly the Shoo-vah."

Rosenthal, the *Times*' quick-tempered executive editor, was reported to be on his way to Toledo and could not be reached for comment, but Deputy Managing Editor Arthur Gelb declared amiably: "We know there's some kind of parody, and we hope it's funny." The issue is being distributed by Metropolitan News Co., which also handles the *Times*.

Times Co. executives may find their Ochs gored by some of the issue's sharper satire, notably a heavyhanded mock ad from union-battling J.S. Stevens Co. about why organized labor is bad for business, and a "Man in the News" profile of an impossibly affluent pressman. But for the satirists it was mostly a labor of love. As Rusty Unger denied saying, "We all missed the *Times* so much that we had to make our own."



Familiar face that will greet newspaper-starved New Yorkers this week

Also, some pointers on how to cook the versatile, if elusive, bat.

nor ("How are you, Scotty?" asked the Khan, gnawing on a Kurd").

As was *Times* practice before the strike, an early edition of this week's paper will be whisked by special courier to the Manhattan apartment of Publisher Arthur ("Punch") Sulzberger. He can hardly help noticing the typographical error in the paper's logo: *Not The New York Times*. Exactly who is responsible for this outrageous, cunningly crafted parody? Among those reputed to have laid a pencil to the project are Michael Arlen, Carl Bernstein, Nora Ephron, Frances FitzGerald, Jerzy Kosinski, George and Freddy Plimpton, Terry Southern and about three or four dozen other wordsmiths from leading publishing firms, the unemployment rolls and the *Times* itself. Observed Calvin Trillin, one of the town's few big-time scribes who declined to participate: "Sounds as if they emptied the back room at Elaine's for this one."

Economy & Business

Dealers in Illogic

Dollar up or down, money traders profit

Strolling from his art-filled office through a bulletproof door to a balcony overlooking an immense trading room, Cairo-born André Levy pauses to deny a bit of gossip circulating among his fellow money dealers in Lausanne, Switzerland. He insists that it is just not true that his firm—somewhat whimsically named Tradition S.A.—exchanges half a billion dollars for stronger currencies each day. The actual figure, he states with aplomb, is “more than a billion dollars.”

That correction is indicative of the frenzy with which corporations, banks and other holders of dollars are stampeding to unload them. The selling has driven the dollar down 19% against the German mark, 27% against the Japanese yen and 34% against the Swiss franc in the past year. Washington seems incapable of stopping the slump; even optimistic statements by the White House nowadays often have a perverse effect. Last week, for example, President Carter said at his news conference that congressional passage at long last of his battered energy legislation should trim the U.S. trade deficit and bolster the dollar. Next day the dollar hit yet another record low against the deutsche mark, dropped against the Swiss and French francs, the Dutch guilder and the British pound, and even sank to a 31-month low against the weak Italian lira. The apparent reason: money men concluded that if this is all the hope Carter has to offer, the dollar is still in trouble. Confidence in the dollar has so eroded that it sometimes plunges sharply these days with no specific news at all to account for the drop.

Money traders like Levy are, consequently, in the eye of a financial hurricane. Though they mostly act on orders from clients rather than initiate trades, they do the actual swapping of dollars for other currencies. And since their arcane business is little understood, they inevitably come under suspicion of abetting the recurrent panics that often cause the dollar to plunge further than any reasonable calculation of its purchasing power would warrant. As Otmar Emminger, head of the West German central bank, complains, “The currency markets have become absolutely irrational.”

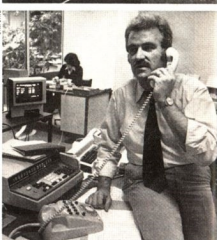
Surprisingly, many of the money traders agree, though they are making profits out of the irrationality, which they blame on their clients. Asks André Scaillet, chief money trader in Europe for First National Bank of Chicago: “Can you tell me if it's logical to have a 7½% [downward]

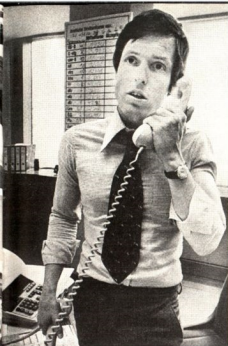
movement of the dollar against the Swiss franc in a single day? It's out of this world!” Money traders worry quite as much as any finance minister about what the drop in the world's central trading currency is doing to the global structure of finance. Says Michel Grare, trader for Crédit Lyonnais, a major French bank: “It's very worrying if one can't believe in the U.S. What, after all, is Switzerland? It could be fragile.” Not a few money traders openly pine for the pre-1973 days of fixed exchange rates, when their business was quiet and orderly—much less profitable, to be sure, but infinitely less tearing on the nerves.

No wonder. In a world in which exchange rates change from minute to minute, money traders must constantly try to outguess their fellows. They scan Reuters and Dow Jones electronic display screens for up-to-the-second news. Suppose Teamsters Boss Frank Fitzsimmons makes a statement in the morning about how big a wage boost U.S. truck drivers will demand next spring. What are the chances that he will get it? If he does, what will happen to the U.S. inflation rate *vs.*, say, the inflation rate in The Netherlands? How many holders of dollars will be prompted by the news to sell how many bucks? And what will that do to the dollar-guilder exchange rate? Based on his own instinctive answers to these questions, the trader—cambist, to use the international term—must decide within seconds whether to sell tens of millions of dollars for guilders right away. Or maybe wait until the afternoon, tomorrow or next week to act, or possibly even buy.

The pressure is unrelenting, and there are not many experts at the game. The volume of currency trading is six to ten times what it was only a few years ago; banks and currency firms have been forced to hire hordes of eager young men and women as traders. Most now practicing have only two years or so experience and their average age is under 30. They “burn out” in a few years. Even their bosses, the senior cambists, are rarely as old as 50 (Levy, the owner of his own currency-trading firm, is 49).

Unfortunately, the rule for making money has become: when in doubt, sell the dollar. Cambists unanimously cite three reasons for this: 1) there are just too many dollars (some \$600 billion) floating around the world, the result of decades of U.S. balance of payments defi-





Counterclockwise from above: Job-Lover Michael Lend; electronic display screens in Morgan Guaranty's money-trading room in New York City; André Scaillet of First National Bank of Chicago; Michel Grare of Crédit Lyonnais; Billion-Dollar-a-Day Trader André Levy

cits; 2) the U.S. inflation rate, which is rising while rates in other countries are falling, gives holders of the dollar no confidence that the currency will retain its value; and 3) the Carter Administration has not convinced anyone that it can bring either U.S. inflation or the balance of payments deficits under control.

So long as those conditions prevail, the traders will be deluged with orders to sell. And they can eventually find another cambist to buy. Since the dollar is the world's primary currency, someone always needs bucks. A French oil refiner, say, has to pay for a shipment of Saudi crude, which is priced in dollars; a German investor needs dollars for a farm that he has just made a deal to buy in the U.S.

The selling comes from many sources. Recently some of it has originated in OPEC countries (Kuwait, Iran and Algeria) and in Communist countries that have accumulated dollars dealing with the U.S. and might now be selling to embarrass America. But the main dumping is from two sources:

CORPORATIONS. To them, selling the dollar is mere prudence. A Japanese company may book an order to deliver \$1 million worth of steel to the U.S., with payment due in 30 days. Rather than wait to receive the dollars, which by then might be worth fewer yen, the company quite probably will immediately sell \$1 million for as many yen as it can get, with the dol-

lars to be delivered in 30 days. U.S.-based multinationals do essentially the same thing. Hercules Inc., a major chemical company, in 1971 negotiated a five-year loan in Swiss francs, on terms that appeared to be favorable. But by 1976, the dollar had plunged so much against the franc that Hercules had to shell out twice as many dollars as it had bargained for to meet the 7% interest and repay the principal (both denominated in Swiss francs). Ever since, says Peter Petersen, Hercules' European money manager, Hercules has been forced to play the currency-trading game to limit its risk.

Corporate selling of dollars has been speeded up by several factors. Since 1976, accounting rules have forced U.S.-based multinationals to report quarterly—not annually as before—the profits or losses that result from changes in currency values. Many a corporate treasurer comes to the end of each quarter knowing that his company will have to report a heavy loss, possibly because it will have to pay more dollars to settle bills owed to German and Japanese suppliers in marks or yen. The treasurer sometimes will make speculative sales of dollars late in the quarter, seeking trading profits to offset part of the loss.

More ominously, money traders report, selling of dollars has spread to ordinary manufacturing companies in the

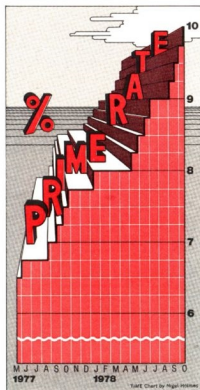
Of Climb, Crunch and Slump

Squeeze gave way to ouch last week as Chase Manhattan and Citibank lifted their prime lending rate to businesses from 9½% to 10%, the highest since January 1975. Other banks are expected to follow suit. The action, reflecting a steady tightening of money by the Federal Reserve Board, substantially increases the risk of a credit crunch and a deeper economic downturn next year than most experts were forecasting a few months ago. The hike in certainty to pull up other rates and dampen spending by boosting the cost of corporate loans and, eventually, of consumer borrowing.

In the past month the board has let the rate for Fed funds, uncommitted reserves that banks lend each other, rise from 8¼% to 8½%. The Fed funds rate serves as a floor for most other short-term rates. Then last week the board increased the discount rate, the interest charged by the board for loans to member banks, from 8% to 8½%, the highest level ever. A key motive for the Federal Reserve's money moves has been to halt a sharp and inflationary increase in the money supply. Also, the Fed is trying to forestall further dumping of the dollar on foreign markets; lower inflation and higher U.S. interest rates should make greenbacks more attractive to hold.

Yet the old medicine does not seem to be working. Loan demand so far has remained robust. That is one reason the money supply has expanded at an annual rate of 11.3% in the past two months, well ahead of the Reserve's target limit of 6.5%. Nor has the dollar shown any appreciable signs of strengthening. Thus many experts believe that even higher interest rates are on the way, even though Reserve Chairman William Miller has said that borrowing costs are at or near their peaks. Henry Kaufman, a top money analyst at Salomon Brothers, believes the prime rate could be as high as 12% in 1979. Economist Allen Sinai of Data Resources, Inc., figures on a recession if the prime rate reaches 11% and the Fed funds rate 10%.

Worried, President Carter and other Administration officials have openly criticized the Federal Reserve's policy. But until the White House comes forward with a workable anti-inflationary policy of its own, its protests are not likely to register. Next week the board's Open Market Committee meets—and many experts would not be surprised if it tightens credit another tick.



Economy & Business

American heartland. Says Scaillet: "Ten or 15 years ago, American businessmen were so proud to have the dollar. If you talked about the possibility of a depreciating buck, they would laugh in your face. Now they are frequently more bearish on the dollar than the Europeans."

BANKS. They execute most of the orders for companies and also trade on their own account. An American tourist exchanges \$100 for marks at a bank in Frankfurt; the bank can hold the dollars or sell them for other currencies, as it chooses. More important, a French cooperative, for example, deposits in Cr dit Lyonnais \$1 million received from U.S. importers for Bordeaux wine; the bank can sell those dollars for other currencies if it wishes. Banks have a cold-blooded view of the potentialities. Says Jean Bourg, head of the currency department at Cr dit Lyonnais: "We take advantage of small opportunities [for profits in currency trading] as they arise during the day. We are not interested in trends, but in extremes and how to profit from them."

The orders descend on the cambists—some working in money-trading firms, many employed by banks, a growing number directly for multinationals. Though they work on order, they have some latitude. If a multinational orders its bank to sell, say, \$1 million for German marks on a particular day, in Europe it is up to the bank's trader whether to let them all go at once or sell \$500,000 in the morning, the rest in the afternoon. In New York, a trader must execute the order at a time and price that the client specifies—and if he accepts an order and then cannot fill it at the price he has quoted, his bank takes the loss.

The trading these days is almost round-the-clock. By the time European money traders get to their desks, usually at 8:30 a.m., the market has already gone through a full trading session in Tokyo. Trading continues in New York until late afternoon, which is late evening in Europe. Some market is open somewhere in the world almost all the time, and cambists must keep track of all. New York money-dealing firms now assign traders on a rotating basis as night men who make calls to fellow cambists at midnight (when it is 2 p.m. the next day in Tokyo) or even 2 a.m. (4 p.m. in Tokyo) to keep posted.

Instant communications are as much bane as boon to the traders. Bourg complains that "the daily newspaper is no good to me any more." By the time he gets to work, the news in it is already old and the markets are concentrating on later information coming over the electronic display screens. Moreover, adds Scaillet, the clients have their own screens: "Now 89% to 99% of the multinationals and large corporations get the same information as the banks at the same second. There is nothing worse than having the big corporations on your back [with dol-

lar-selling orders] the instant you receive the news yourself. It means you are instantly involved in transactions when a market doesn't even exist." Robert F.C. Leclerc, Montreal-born trader in New York for Chicago-based Continental Illinois National Bank, comments wryly: "If foreign-exchange dealers take any view at all, it is a very short-term one—often as short as 30 seconds."

Hectic though the pace is, cambists generally claim to enjoy it. They are well paid; in Germany, salaries of \$40,000 to \$50,000 are common for traders in their late 20s. Beyond that, many cambists get a kick out of the very speed of the action. Michael Lend, 30, a money trader at Commerzbank of Frankfurt for the past two years, sometimes works from 6:30 a.m. to 9 p.m., and admits he is often too keyed up to sleep after a particularly hectic day. Nonetheless, he says, "it is fascinating because the market is so sensitive; it reacts quickly to political and economic events or just a key politician's remark. I love my job, it's great fun."

Senior traders reluctantly admit that their subordinates' youth and inexperience may be aggravating the dollar's fall. The younger traders have never known anything but a sinking dollar; their impulse is always to sell, in maximum

amounts, right away. But the boss traders too are disinclined to have their clients hold dollars. In their experience, those who have done so have usually lost money for the past several years.

Traders insist that speculation is not the driving force in the dollar's decline. But some concede that it is, at least, not insignificant. James Sinclair, partner in the New York money-brokerage firm named after him, estimates that individual speculation accounts for 18% to 20% of total currency trading. In Western Europe, he says, "it is the fashionable thing to do. The profits I've seen are almost obscene. I could tell you about a guy sitting across this desk in February who then had only \$1,600 and only about two weeks ago sold \$1 million. He is a nut; he carries more contracts than he can afford, especially naked shorts." Translation: the speculator has sold dollars he does not own, hoping to buy them back at a profit.

Many cambists try to dampen the speculation. Senior traders generally limit how many dollars a subordinate can handle each day and tell the young cambists to refuse any orders from clients who have not established a line of credit. Their own motivation, they say, is simply to get the best deal for their clients.

In relaxed moments, however, some cambists go on to describe how one could manipulate the market if one wanted to do so. Primary technique: sell when the markets are quiet—early in the morning, or during the lunch hour, or best of all on Friday afternoon, when most cambists have closed their books and are starting to go home. An order then to sell, say, \$40 million—only fair-sized by today's standards—can cause the market to drop sharply, since nobody is around to buy much. The exchange rate will plummet. Then a thousand other cambists will worry: "What does the seller know that I don't know?" and stamped to sell. Rates will plunge further, and the original seller can buy back the dollars at a handsome profit. Warning: if some unforeseen development causes the dollar to take off on one of its occasional brief upward flights, the cambist and his clients will take a bath.

In the end, the cambists function less as market makers than as weather vane, registering every slightest change in international sentiment on how the dollar is going. They point out that they have no vested interest in seeing the dollar sink; they could make quite as much money for themselves and their clients riding the dollar up. But they have no faith at all that the U.S. will take the hard decisions needed to bring American inflation down to reasonable rates. They are waiting for President Carter to announce his Stage Two anti-inflation program, with a predisposition to believe it will be a ball of fluff, inducing their clients to sell more dollars than ever out of disappointment. Over to you, Jimmy. ■

Easy Speculation

Post... want to speculate against the dollar? It's easy—even if the amateur lacks the cash or savvy to deal in the big-time foreign-exchange markets. For \$26.75 almost anybody can buy a traveler's check denominated in German marks or Japanese yen; \$32.95 gets one denominated in Swiss francs. The buyer can hold it as long as he likes and then cash it in at the exchange rate prevailing that day.

Most issuers of traveler's checks, including American Express, Thomas Cook and big banks, sell checks denominated in foreign currencies—15 to 20 of them in the case of Deak & Co., the big currency dealer. They are intended for tourists but can be bought by stay-at-homes too. Deak reports that its sales of foreign-currency traveler's checks have doubled in the past year and estimates that 25% of the purchases are pure speculation. Nor is it only a poor man's game. Executive Vice President Otto E. Roethemund recalls one customer who bought between \$50,000 and \$100,000 worth of Swiss franc checks early in the summer—candidly telling the staff that he had no intention of going to Switzerland. Says Roethemund: "To my knowledge the gentleman still owns them, so he has an appreciation of 23%."



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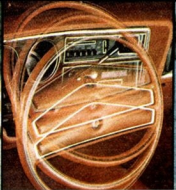
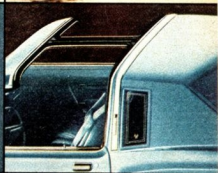
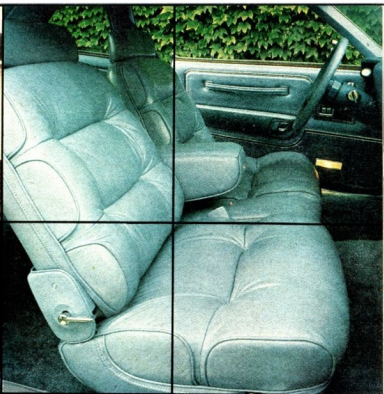
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*Not available on all models

**EPA estimates for a 6-cylinder engine with manual transmission. Your mileage may vary depending on how and where you drive, the condition of your car and its optional equipment. Mileage lower and automatic transmission required in California.





A tall, dark skyscraper dominates the center of the frame, set against a deep blue night sky. A diagonal line of illuminated windows runs from the lower left towards the top right of the building's facade. Other smaller skyscrapers are visible in the background, some with lit windows. The overall scene is a city skyline at night.

On the way up, the work may not get easier,
but the rewards get better.

Johnnie Walker
Black Label Scotch
YEARS 12 OLD

12 YEAR OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF, BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND, IMPORTED BY SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.



Work crews rebuilding tracks in Dewitt yard of Conrail near Syracuse; the road's equipment was in worse shape than Washington suspected

Rough Ride for Conrail

Six bankrupts do not add up to a winner

It all seemed so simple. Two and a half years ago, as Congress sought ways to rescue the Northeast's dying railroads, the advocates of the Consolidated Rail Corp., or Conrail for short, had all the answers. Basing their predictions on optimistic extrapolations, they promised that a unification of the region's six roads,* plus a one-time federal grant of \$2 billion, would produce an efficient system that would be riding in the black by 1979.

Unfortunately, things did not turn out that way. Despite the \$2 billion infusion, Conrail is now losing far more money than the six decrepit lines did collectively before the consolidation. After a 1977 loss of \$367 million, Conrail is rumbling toward a deficit of more than \$400 million this year, and the trend is definitely downgrade. So perilous is its financial position that the House at last week's end was driving toward following the Senate's example and passing an emergency bill that would give Conrail another \$1.3 billion. Even so, the U.S. Railway Association, the agency created by Congress to oversee Conrail, warned that an additional \$2.6 billion probably will be needed. Daniel O'Neal Jr., chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission, readily admits that Conrail has a rough road ahead. Says he: "I think Conrail is in a critical period right now. Everyone is going to be watching closely to see if there are improvements."

The nation's largest rail system, Conrail has annual revenues of \$3.3 billion, 90,000 employees and 34,000 miles of track crisscrossing the Northeast, stretching west to Missouri and north to Canada. Though most of its business is freight, it also carries 360,000 commuters each weekday to New York City, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Chicago. For all these su-

perlatives, Conrail continues to hemorrhage money because its equipment was in worse shape and its labor force was more featherbedded than almost anyone in Washington had suspected.

Conrail inherited such a hodgepodge of worn-out equipment that even after \$600 million in repairs, much of the rolling stock is still unreliable. At any moment, 12.4% of Conrail's 140,000 freight cars are either laid up for repairs or on the verge of breakdown.

The situation is no better with the line's 4,500 aging locomotives. Largely as a result of frequent breakdowns and long delays, the on-time arrival of shipments has fallen from 75% in 1976 to 65%—a dismal performance that angers shippers and causes them to switch to trucks.

Conrail is also plagued by high labor costs and uneconomic routes. Because it inherited the entire work forces of the six lines and has avoided large-scale layoffs, it spends 66¢ of every revenue dollar on labor costs, vs. an average 52¢ for other U.S. railroads. Clamoring Congressmen have blocked Conrail from eliminating service on a number of money-losing short lines that helped drive the six railroads into bankruptcy in the first place. Even Conrail's best trunk lines are short one-way hauls, with the cars returning to the terminal as empties. Explains William Druhan, a senior staffer for the House Transportation Subcommittee: "Union Pacific carries something 2,000 miles and gives it to Conrail, which carries it 200 miles and unloads it."

Conrail's president, Richard D. Spence, quit last June. So far, Chairman Edward G. Jordan, who is chief executive officer, has failed to find a replacement. Jordan, 48, concedes that few railroad pros would want the job because "it's a high-risk situation."

Still, there have been some achievements. Before Conrail's creation, the New Haven division of Penn Central was a shambles. Now, after large contributions for new equipment by New York State, Conrail operates the line with a good on-schedule record. Throughout the sprawling system, the roadbed, key to a smooth ride, is being rebuilt. By year's end Conrail will have installed 13.9 million cross-ties and laid 2,787 miles of continuous welded rails. It also will have acquired 392 new locomotives and 5,900 new freight cars, paid for entirely by private financing.

Conrail has managed to consolidate the 285 labor contracts that it inherited into only 35, and it has gained union approval to cut the crew on a freight train from four to three. Says Charles Swinburn, a Department of Transportation rail expert: "If you had taken the best railroad management in the country—the Southern Railway's, for instance—I don't know whether they would have done anything differently from the Conrail management."

To a large degree, Conrail's ills only reflect the wider problems besetting the nation's railroads. Though a healthy rail system is more essential than ever to save gasoline and carry coal, the industry has been held back for years by overregulation by the ICC, which keeps rates high in order to protect inefficient lines—and thus often makes the railroads uncompetitive with rival transport systems.

John N. Sullivan, the federal railroad administrator, warned last week that unless the railroads are allowed to become more competitive, in the next ten years they will face a shortage of \$13 billion to \$16 billion in capital required to keep roadbeds and equipment in shape. The best action that the Carter Administration could take in support of the railroads would be to apply at least a measure of the deregulation flexibility that is already freeing the nation's soaring airlines from the fetters of federal bureaucracy. ■

*The six: Central of New Jersey, Erie Lackawanna, Lehigh and Hudson River, Lehigh Valley, Penn Central and the Reading.

Coca-Cola's Full Court Press

Its Taylor wine ads raise rivals' tempers

The commercial opens on a room full of people reflectively sipping wine in what is described as a blind taste test. Somebody calls out that a Taylor California wine has been "judged best," and the announcer purrs: "Taylor California Cellars. Judged better than C.K. Mondavi. Better than Almadén. Better than Inglenook. But when you cost a little more you better be better." And when you come on with such head-to-head comparison promotions in the usually decorous world of wine selling you had better be prepared for lots of flack, not only from competitors but also from the Government. That is what Coca-Cola Co. is discovering.

Last year, Coke elbowed into the fast-growing industry by acquiring Taylor Wine Co. of Hammondsport, N.Y., a firm with lackluster earnings and an indifferent product line. To give Taylor a quality image and hype sales, Coke bought the respected Monterey Vineyards, south of San Francisco, to supply some of the grapes for the new Taylor California Cellars line. The bulk of the crushes for the California brand comes from the hot interior area, once known for producing low-grade grapes that were largely used in cheap jug wines. The company then prepared a \$1.5 million ad campaign to introduce the California wines with a splash. The promotions show Taylor's rosé, Rhine and



TV commercial touting disputed taste test
Can mere buffs make comparisons?

burgundy being taste-tested and found superior to similar popularly priced (\$1.90 to \$2.99 a bottle) wines. Many of the 27 judges in the tests were not professionals but merely wine buffs who are members of the San Francisco Vintners Club, which meets for weekly wine tastings.

Coke and Taylor immediately ran into trouble with the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms (BATF), which must pass on all wine ads and frowns on most comparative advertising (advertising of beer and wine, but not liquor, is permitted on TV). BATF did not bar Taylor's promotions, but said that the winery ran them at its own risk. If the ads were found to be misleading, Taylor could face pen-

alties ranging from a letter of admonishment to a suspension of its permit to sell wine interstate. Early this month, Coca-Cola officials decided to risk the consequences: the Taylor commercials hit the tube and newspapers in the East and Southern California.

The ads caused top California winemen to pop their corks. BATF has already received three complaints from other winemakers and says it will act on them as quickly as possible. Officials at Sebastiani, one of the brands the ads show losing, say they are prepared to bring suit against Coke. Peter Mondavi, chief of Charles Krug Winery, questions the honesty of the ads. Says he: "It's deceiving the public to compare their premium wines with our table wines." Even some members of San Francisco's Vintners Club expressed surprise. Club Chairman Jerome C. Draper said, "We're very upset. We had a written agreement that our name would not be used in the ad." Wine merchants' reactions are mixed; though some wine merchants believe Taylor's claims for its California wines are overblown, quite a few are increasing their orders because the ads are boosting demand.

Carlton Curtis, spokesman for the Coca-Cola Co., defends the aggressive ads as normal competitive tactics. He contends that the judges used in the ads averaged "a dozen years of experience." Far from being cowed by the industry's outrage, Coke, relying on its vast distribution experience, is planning to expand production of Taylor California wines from half a million cases this year to 2 million in 1979.

Bed Sheets Bonanza

Few capitalistic ventures can rival the return on investment of a movie megahit, and *National Lampoon's Animal House* is, in more ways than one, a gross example. Produced for a meager \$2.7 million and promoted with a further \$4.5 million, the film so far has taken in more than \$50 million. Producer Matty Simmons, chairman of the company that publishes the raucous monthly *National Lampoon*, expects revenues to top \$80 million by year's end, not counting foreign distribution. That would place the film among the top 15 movie earners of all time.

Simmons, who co-founded Diners' Club and published *Weight Watchers Magazine* before he launched *National Lampoon*, has three movies to go on his four-film-minimum contract with Universal Pictures. The bankroller and distributor of *Animal House*, Universal recouped its initial investment a few weeks after the film's opening. *National Lampoon's* cut of the gross—5% at first, but now and henceforth 17.5%—translates into \$3 million so far.

A major result of the film's success is the "toga party" craze that is sweeping campuses. *House* Star John Belushi's outrageous cries of "toga, toga" have struck a nerve in the fad-starved youth of contemporary Fraternity Row. For many, dressing up in a bed sheet is simply a means of venting the pressures of academia; for others, toga parties represent a search for something to be remembered by, even if that to-

ken of remembrance is borrowed from the '50s generation.

For the folks at Universal, the toga fad simply means more money in the bank. Hit with many requests for assistance from toga-party organizers, studio officials are supplying free records, T-shirts and posters to further the craze. The payoff: long lines of ticket buyers—many repeat customers and some bedecked with togas—at moviehouses.



Toga-clad *Animal House* moviegoers in New York City.

California Cool

Housing begins to slide

In California, where the rise in housing prices has been stratospheric, couples have long been willing to sell their souls to the savings and loan—and rent out mother-in-law for window cleaning—in order to realize their dry-wall dreams. But now there are definite signs of slowdown in that willingness to shell out small fortunes for not-so-special homes.

Southern California single-family building permits in August dropped by nearly half, from 7,941 to 3,754, compared with the same month of last year. San Bernardino County, in the Los Angeles suburbs, reports its first housing oversupply since 1973-74, and the Federal Home Loan Bank of San Francisco says it is experiencing the largest decline in mortgage lending in 2½ years.

The slump is not across the board. The Golden State, like the rest of the country, continues to have a modest housing high in the "affordable" \$55,000 to \$75,000 price range. But buyers are beginning to resist the three-bedroom tract house squished onto a postage-stamp lot for \$122,900—and a 10% mortgage rate. Observes David Shulman, a member of Governor Jerry Brown's housing task force: "There's just a limit to the price prospective homeowners can or are willing to afford. It is simple economics that house prices can't climb faster than paychecks forever."

Scary Strike

\$9.62 an hour is not enough

Proudly, officers of United Auto Workers Local 2055 announced two weeks ago the completion of negotiation of a first contract for 1,800 members at Volkswagen's six-month-old plant in New Stanton, Pa. The pact called for a minimum wage next year of \$7.48 an hour for unskilled workers, rising to \$9.62 in 1981, and \$9.48 for skilled diemakers, rising in three years to \$11.62—plus fringes. But the workers were not buying. Last week they rejected the contract 1,235 to 94 and stomped out on strike.

Until now, VW's Pennsylvania wage has averaged more than a dollar less than what Detroit's Big Three pay, and VW workers insist on catching up. In sum, the VW workers want at least \$10 an hour by 1981. The walkout is the latest sign that labor leaders' clout with their membership is waning—an ominous portent for next year's heavy calendar of union bargaining. The VW strike is also unsettling other foreign firms that are thinking of starting plants in the U.S., notably Japan's auto-making Toyota, Nissan (Datsun) and Honda. Says one Japanese automaker: "If U.S. workers ask to get even with General Motors and Ford right away, I'm afraid no company will come here."

Executive View/Marshall Loeb

The Surest Social Security

If three institutions are sacred in America, they are motherhood, baseball and Social Security. Any critic of the geometric rise of Social Security payouts is looked upon as a reactionary who would condemn the aged and disabled, the widows and orphans to a life of impecuniosity on a diet of Alpo. Yet the most articulate critic of this increasingly straitened pension system hardly looks or sounds like a modern Marie Antoinette.

He is Martin Feldstein, a gentle, cherubic fellow, who left the Bronx side-walks for undergraduate distinction at Harvard and found a home there (with time off to earn a Ph.D. at Oxford). Philosophically, Professor Feldstein is eclectic: liberal enough to have been a counselor to Candidate Carter in '76, sufficiently conservative to have been invited to join President Ford's Council of Economic Advisers in '74 (he turned down the bid). At 38, Marty Feldstein is one of America's three or four brightest young economists, and already he heads the prestigious National Bureau of Economic Research.

The surest way to raise living standards and create jobs, Feldstein argues, would be to increase investment in factories and machines, in automation and modernization. To do that, America needs more savings and capital formation—and, Feldstein continues, the biggest impediment to that is Social Security.

PHIL DICICINIS



Harvard Economist Martin Feldstein

Americans do not save much—only 5% or so of their incomes—because they figure that those monthly Government checks will nicely take care of their old age. When Johnny Bluecollar retires now, Social Security benefits for himself and his aged wife average nearly 85% of his peak after-tax earnings.

Trouble is, Social Security does not add to the nation's savings, which might be lent out to build factories, expand old plants, allow new businesses to start and create wealth. Social Security is a mere transfer of capital. The payments come right out of the pockets of workers and companies and go right into the pockets of the beneficiaries.

The solution is not to reduce Social Security benefits but to slow their great growth, permitting private pensions and personal savings to carry more of the load. That will indeed occur, Feldstein is convinced, "because politicians and union members will recognize that Social Security is becoming a lousy deal for people who pay into the system today." True, it is now a good deal for beneficiaries because they paid in low taxes years ago and are now collecting hefty benefits. But Social Security taxes are scheduled to rise so fast—from a top of \$1,071 this year to \$1,404 next year on a salary of \$22,900, and much, much more later on—that workers will rebel, Feldstein feels. He predicts: "Union people will be saying 'Don't raise our taxes. Let us keep our money. Let us invest it in private pensions, in which we can get a higher return.'" And that, says Feldstein, will add tremendously to capital formation.

To encourage savings and capital growth, he believes, the U.S. should also adopt techniques used in other countries. Canadians get generous tax deductions on money that they contribute to their pension funds. France permits anyone to put away some \$20,000 in savings, with the interest payments untaxed. The Europeans further build capital by allowing companies to write off quickly the costs of their new plants and equipment against their taxes. Surely the U.S. needs to liberalize these depreciation allowances, says Feldstein, probably by letting the tax write-offs rise along with the rate of inflation.

Because of their savings incentives foreign countries invest much more than the U.S. does. Scarcely 10% of America's gross national product goes into private capital formation, but West Germany invests 15% of its G.N.P. and Japan 21%. In consequence, their productivity gains are higher, and they are beating the stripes off Uncle Sam in world markets.

If the U.S. put just 1% more of its G.N.P. into savings, it would have \$20 billion more in seed capital. Says Feldstein: "It really comes down to this: If we save more, we grow faster. Surely we should take this good opportunity to forgo a bit today in order to gain a lot more tomorrow." To which it might be added that the "lot more tomorrow" would be the best social security for everybody.

Those Amazing Chemical Scissors

Three win Nobel Prize for work with versatile enzymes

Because the basic blueprint of human life is encoded in hundreds of thousands of genes contained in unwieldy strands of DNA in each living cell, researchers have had a hard time deciphering it. But in recent years they have been greatly aided in their work by a group of remarkable tools: enzymes that act as chemical scissors, cutting strips of DNA into precise and manageable fragments. The discovery of these so-called restriction enzymes promises to help unravel the mysteries of cell development, hereditary disease and cancer. It has already allowed scientists to analyze the chemical structure of genes and to map their sequence along DNA strands. It has ushered in a new age of genetic engineering by making possible the combining of genetic material from different species by the controversial recombinant DNA technique.

Last week Sweden's Karolinska Institute underlined the importance of restriction enzymes by awarding the Nobel Prize for Medicine, this year worth \$165,000, to a trio of pioneers in the field. The three, all microbiologists: Werner Arber, of the University of Basel in Switzerland, and Drs. Hamilton O. Smith and Daniel Nathans, Americans, both



Werner Arber



Hamilton Smith

of Johns Hopkins University.

Arber, 49, first postulated the existence of restriction enzymes in the early 1960s while studying viruses that invade bacteria. After labeling a virus with a radioactive isotope that acted as a tracer, Arber found that when the virus entered a bacterium, most of the viral DNA was destroyed. But how? Arber theorized that the bacterium produced a "restriction" enzyme that cut the viral DNA into smaller pieces (the host bacterium's DNA is protected from its own chemical scissors by other enzymes). Arber further proposed that the enzymes recognized and acted upon specific sites along the DNA strand.

Arber's theories were verified by Smith, 47, a former naval medical officer and member of the U.S. Public Health

Service who turned to genetic research. In 1970 Smith published two classic papers that described his discovery of a restriction enzyme produced by the bacterium *Hemophilus influenzae* and the way it worked. The enzyme did indeed break the DNA of invading organisms into fragments. Most important, Smith was able to show that every time the enzyme found a particular sequence of the chemicals that make up

DNA, it severed the strand at that point. Scientists have since found about 100 restriction enzymes that act at particular sites on the strands.

Using the enzyme discovered by his colleague, Nathans, 49, applied it to his work with a monkey virus, SV40, known to cause cancer in animals but not man. In 1971 Nathans showed that the enzyme broke SV40 DNA into eleven well-defined fragments. Two years later he described the way SV40 was split when two other enzymes were used. By analyzing the fragments produced by all three enzymes, Nathans was able to map the SV40 genes.

The general approach designed by Nathans has since been used by other scientists to map the DNA of organisms that are far more complex. The institute also cited Nathans for his brilliant discussion of other possible applications of the enzymes to genetics.



Daniel Nathans

One of those applications—the recombinant DNA technique—has begun to fulfill its widely heralded promise. By inserting genes into the DNA of a laboratory strain of the common intestinal bacterium *E. coli*, researchers have induced the little bug to produce somatostatin, a mammalian brain hormone. Last month the bacterium manufactured synthetic human insulin, raising hopes that the hormone vital to the well-being of the world's diabetics may some day soon be available in virtually unlimited supply. ■

Milestones

MARRIED. James Earl Ray, 50, Martin Luther King Jr.'s convicted assassin, who is serving a 99-year jail term; and Anna Sandhu, 31, freelance courtroom artist; he for the first time, she for the second time; in Brushy Mountain state prison, at Petros, Tenn. Tennessee does not permit conjugal visits, a situation Sandhu described as "terrible."

DIED. Jacques Brel, 49, Belgian-born composer and singer whose 500 or so plaintive, compassionate songs became best known in the U.S. through the cabaret-style musical *Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris*; of a pulmonary embolism; in Bobigny, France. With a dramatic intensity often likened to that of Edith Piaf, Brel sang about loneliness, lost love, war, old age and death. At 37, not wanting to become "an old singer," he stopped giving concerts and began a new career as an actor and director. After being treated for lung cancer in 1974,

Brel set out in his own 18-meter sailboat for the Marquesas Islands in the South Pacific, where he settled down with his West Indian mistress. He returned to France last year to record *Brel*, which has since sold more than 2 million copies. "There are people as unhappy and bored as I sometimes am," Brel once said, explaining his appeal. "They feel a little better that somebody knows and tells them what he knows."

DIED. Goodloe E. Byron, 49, four-term Democratic Congressman from Maryland; of a heart attack, while running; in Washington County, Md. A veteran of six Boston Marathons, Byron collapsed while training for his eighth 50-mile John F. Kennedy Memorial Hike/Run. Byron was heavily favored to win re-election next month to the congressional seat once held by his father and later, his mother.

DIED. James Gilliam, 49, coach and former

player for the Los Angeles Dodgers; following a stroke; in Inglewood, Calif. The Tennessee-born Gilliam joined the Brooklyn Dodgers in 1953, replacing Jackie Robinson at second base, and was celebrated as a "ballplayer's ballplayer" before turning into a player-coach in 1965 and a full-time coach two years later. Stricken on Sept. 15, Gilliam slipped into a coma and never knew that his team had dedicated its league championship and World Series play to him.

DIED. Ralph Metcalfe, 68, four-term black Congressman from Chicago's South Side and former champion sprinter who won a 1936 Olympic gold medal with Jesse Owens in the 400-meter relay; of a heart attack; in Chicago. A protégé of Mayor Richard Daley's, Metcalfe broke with his mentor in 1972 after complaining of police brutality toward Chicago's blacks, but he continued to win re-election handily without machine support.

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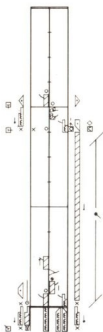
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IBM Reports: Helping put

Information is one of today's most important resources. Here are some ways IBM products help put it to use more productively for the benefit of everyone.

Typing the language of dance

The symbols you see to the right are to a dancer what notes on sheet music are to a musician. Dancers' movements have been recorded with these symbols for 50 years, but until recently they were drawn laboriously by hand. Now, an IBM electric typewriter can be equipped to type these choreographic characters by slipping a small, ball-shaped typing element into place. As many as 265 special IBM typing elements are available, including 31 different languages and the symbols of mathematics and chemistry.



Quick self-service at a savings and loan

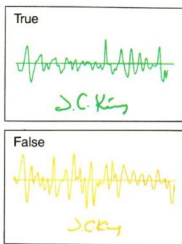
A wallet-sized plastic card is replacing the passbook for customers of San Diego Federal Savings and Loan. When inserted in an IBM computer terminal, the card provides immediate information about their accounts. They can find out their current balance, interest for the current quarter or the year to date, home loan balance, interest paid and the date of the next payment—all without waiting in line for a teller.



information to work for people.

Protecting your good name —and data, too

IBM research scientists have developed an experimental method to verify signatures by computer. One day it may be used for check cashing and credit card identification or to screen those authorized to enter a building or use a computer system. A special pen measures the changes in the speed and direction of a signer's hand motions, and a computer compares that information with his or her previously recorded signature pattern. The difference between a true and a forged signature can be determined even when the two are twins to the naked eye.

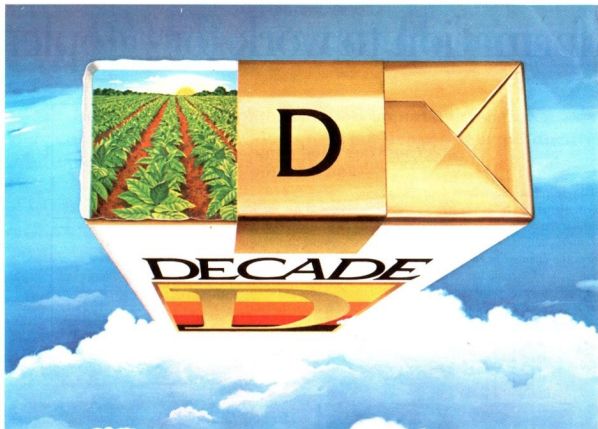


Fire! Fire! Alert the druggist!

Pharmacist Jon Krueger, a volunteer fireman in Unity, New Hampshire, has programmed his small IBM computer to protect his neighbors as well as serve his business needs. At his drugstore in nearby Claremont, the computer stores customer records, prints prescription labels and performs other tasks to improve service. But the computer also stores fire-fighting information on houses in Unity—from where kids and invalids sleep to the nearest source of water. When an alarm sounds, that information is radioed to a fire truck speeding to the blaze—information that may save a life.



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Janáček poster overlooking the town square in Brno, Czechoslovakia; wind quintet and clarinetist in concert

Music

A Bayreuth at Brno

Czechs lovingly launch a yearlong Janáček revival

Down came the technological slopans in the square of Brno, Czechoslovakia (pop. 365,000). Up went huge posters of an intense-looking, white-haired man who could be a commanding commissar but who, in Brno at least, is more venerated than any socialist leader: Czech Composer Leoš Janáček. To commemorate the 50th anniversary of his composer's death and the 125th of his birth, Brno has opened a yearlong Janáček celebration, beginning with 27 musical events in a two-week-long gala festival. Students, soldiers and scores of foreign scholars jammed six concert halls for the performances, including fully staged productions of all nine Janáček operas. Workmen bawled the great man's songs in local bars. Interpreters translated learned musical discourse in three languages (Czech, German and Russian). "If the old man ever scribbled graffiti on walls, we will probably hear that too," said one visitor.

It was an impressive display for a composer whose first memorable work was completed at age 48 and whose musical merit was debated for years. An ardent nationalist and legendary eccentric, Janáček composed music full of short, abrupt but harmonically lovely melodies that built from one another into a driving whole. His symphonic works called for more brass and slashing power than many an orchestra could muster. Because Czech consonant clusters are so prickly, his operas were considered hopeless tongue twisters by singers outside his country. The subjects—time warps, prison-camp life, child murder—left audienc-

es pining for the heraldic posturing more familiar to opera. "Atrocious drama," huffed one New York critic after a 1931 performance of *From the House of the Dead*, a powerful musical rendering of Dostoevsky's novel.

Today Janáček is ranked among the most original of 20th century composers. His bristly textures seem attuned to the turmoil of modern life; his fascination with the melodic patterns of speech, bird calls and animal cries appeals to contemporary music's interest in sounds. Janáček's chilling opera, *The Makropoulos Affair*, about a glamorous woman cursed with a 300-year life span, has recently been performed in San Francisco and at the New York City Opera. The Metropolitan Opera and Santa Fe have also staged major Janáček productions.

The residents of Brno promote Janáček's work as hard as they play down his life—a chronicle so scandalous that, after 50 years, Brno still blushes and changes the subject when anyone mentions it. A choir director, conductor and organ teacher, Janáček at age 27 married one of his students, 16-year-old Zdenka Schulz, and lived unhappily ever after. Despite two children, Janáček humiliated his wife with his spectacular philandering. In less amorous moments, he found time to compose three minor operas and *The Excursions of Mr. Brouček*, a light, satirical tale about a flight to the moon and the Hussite wars of the 15th century. He also wrote one powerful but somber *verismo* work: *Jenufa*, the story of a village girl made pregnant by the local woman-

izer, whose formidable foster mother kills her baby.

Janáček's musical genius did not really bloom until he was 63. Then he fell madly in love with Kamilla Stösslová, the pretty young wife of an antique dealer. Although the composer always contended that their love was platonic, hundreds of steamy letters, discreetly tucked away in the local Janáček Museum, seem to belie his claim. The affair inspired a unique musical outburst. By the time he died at age 74 (some say while pursuing a woman through a nearby woods), Janáček had written four blazingly original operas, orchestral pieces and chamber music and the immense, superbly spiky *Glagolitic Mass*, a pantheistic hymn.

Gathered at the Brno festival was a formidable array of 2,860 performers. Much of the talent was from Czechoslovakia: the Brno State Theater, which originally staged most of Janáček's operas; the Brno State Philharmonic; the Czech Philharmonic; scores of folk singers and choirs. The Czech Philharmonic, one of the grander Old World orchestras, offered a smoothed-out, spruced-up version of the composer's music, while the more regional Brno orchestra left the burr in Janáček's rough edges. Lacking singers of international caliber, the Brno ensemble fared poorly in such star vehicles as *The Makropoulos Affair*. But *Mr. Brouček* was a crowd favorite, both because of the sensuous, tuneful music and the lavish production mounted in the 1,400-seat, ultra-modern Janáček Theater.

Ironically, the hottest tickets in town were to Janáček's three weak operas (*Sárka*, *The Beginning of a Romance*, *Fate*), collectors' items so rarely performed or recorded that they virtually had to be heard in Brno or not at all. ■

The new automatic compact by Nikon.


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A radiant Betty Ford after facelift (right) and as she appeared in 1976

The Unveiling of a New Ford

Cosmetic surgery is booming among women—and men

“We’ve had more calls than we know what to do with,” says Elizabeth Weil. “The phone has been ringing off the hook. Betty Ford has really started something.” Weil, the receptionist at a Beverly Hills plastic surgery clinic, is not alone. Across the nation last week, surgeons’ offices were under siege by callers who had seen the results of a notable example of cosmetic surgery, evident in before-and-after pictures of the former First Lady in their Sunday newspapers.

Indeed, the new Ford look (the work of Palm Springs Surgeon M.R. Mazaheri) was something to call about. Reported TIME Correspondent Joseph Kane, covering Betty Ford’s first post-surgery public appearance at a Hollywood dinner: “The woman looks absolutely spectacular.” Betty, who in recent years has battled against breast cancer and drug and alcohol addiction, was obviously pleased. Said she: “I’m 60 years old and I wanted a nice new face to go with my beautiful new life.”

Betty Ford’s debut is the most recent in a string of cosmetic admissions in the ‘70s by public figures. Wisconsin Senator William Proxmire, for one, issued a press release about his hair transplant and may have had an eyelift too. There has also been news of hair transplants for Frank Sinatra, Roy Clark and Strom Thurmond, a facelift for Jackie Gleason, face and breast architectural work for Cher, an eyelift, facelift and breast reduction for Phyllis Diller, and there is a growing national tendency to regard cosmetic sur-

gery as a badge of sophistication, rather than of vanity.”

As a result, movie stars, TV personalities, politicians and jet-setters have been joined in the plastic surgery wards and clinics by secretaries, assembly-line workers, housewives and business executives anxious to fit into a youth-oriented society. Says Dr. Laurence LeWinn of New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center: “If we were in China, people would want to have wrinkles put in so that they could be revered citizens. Here we have the wrinkles removed.”

Though most plastic surgery is performed on women, more and more men are seeking treatment, primarily facelifts, eyelifts or hair transplants. According to Dr. Richard Ellenbogen of Los Angeles, many men become receptive to the idea while accompanying their wives to appointments with plastic surgeons.

Performed under local or general anesthesia, the facelift is a delicate operation lasting three to four hours. The surgeon begins by making an uninterrupted incision that starts at the temple, runs down the front of the ear, under the earlobe and behind the ear. Whenever possible, the incision is placed above the hairline so the scar is not readily visible. The skin is then separated away or “undermined” from the underlying muscle and fat and pulled taut to eliminate folds and bags. Finally, the excess skin is trimmed away and the flap of skin is sewed back into place. In the past few years, surgeons have expanded the technique to sometimes include tightening up the muscles underneath the skin of the neck and jaw to give more striking and lasting results. If all goes well, the facelift will last for from four to eight years before noticeable sagging recurs, depending on the patient’s skin tone, age, weight, eating and drinking habits and other factors.

Cosmetic surgery does not come cheap. A facelift costs upwards of \$1,500 (Betty Ford’s fee was about \$3,200), eyelid surgery runs around \$1,500. The cost is generally not covered by medical insurance (though it is tax deductible). Then too some risk is involved: some faces are changed for the worse. Warns Dr. Peter McKinney, a Chicago plastic surgeon: “If you buy a bum toaster, you can take it back. You can’t take your face back.”

Even the successful facelifts sometimes fall far short of the expectations of patients who want to look like Robert Redford or Sophia Loren. Says Dr. Lawrence Robbins of Mount Sinai Medical Center in Miami Beach: “We can’t change what they are. Plastic surgeons are not gods.” Still, for those like Betty Ford who feel the need for outer rejuvenation, aesthetic surgery can be a godsend.

*Rosalynn Carter has had plastic surgery performed on her eyelids, but whether it was for cosmetic or medical reasons has not been revealed

HOW IT’S DONE

1 Incision

With the patient generally under local anesthesia, an incision is made from the temple to behind the ear.

2 Undermining

Skin is separated from underlying tissue (up to dotted line), with care taken to avoid damaging facial nerves and blood vessels.

3 Drawing back

Skin is pulled back to soften wrinkles and eliminate sagging jowls.

4 Sewing up

Excess skin is trimmed off and the incision sewn up. The resulting scar is concealed by the hairline.

TIME Diagram by Nigel Holmes



People



Bach aims for a hit

Even a holy man likes to shoot the breeze, and the **Dalai Lama**, the exiled spiritual leader of Tibet, chatted amiably with an American businessman on board a Pan Am flight to Japan. His Holiness was en route to a world Buddhist conference in Tokyo from India, where he has lived since fleeing Tibet and the Communists in 1959. Seated in the "frequent traveler" section (though it is only the fourth time he has left India), he told his companion that he had received a Japanese visa on one condition: stick to religious activities. "What is there to worry about?" wondered the Dalai Lama, 43. "I'm only a simple Buddhist monk. A flower in need of water." He then filled out his landing card—leaving the "occupation" spot blank—and dug into his veal cordon bleu. "Only the most strict Buddhists do not eat meat," he told his astonished companion.

It was bound to happen. **Dolly Parton**, the cantilevered queen of country music, was stuffed as usual into skin-tight duds at the twelfth annual Country Music Association Awards at the Grand Ole Opry in Nashville. Just before the announcement came that Dolly had won the Entertainer of the

Year award, she "just busted the front" of a new dress made for the occasion. Oh, well, shrugged Dolly: "I guess it's like my Daddy said. You shouldn't try to put 50 pounds of mud in a five-pound sack."

Some say there is a Ford in his future, but New York's Governor **Hugh Carey** is a fast man with a, er, dodge. When rumors circulated last week that Carey, 59, plans to marry **Anne Ford Uzielli**, 35, the divorced younger daughter of **Henry Ford II**, the Governor told reporters: "No way." Nonetheless, Hugh often drops in for dinner at Anne's Park Avenue duplex and once sent her a garnet birthstone (January) inscribed, *THE GUV, WITH LUV*. But even luv isn't always enough. The Guv is up for reelection in November and, says he, "If I don't win, who'd want me? My prospects are vague, and my future is dubious."

The U.S. presidential selection process, said the close observer, weeds out people who have "normal emotions and

Parton before the bust



New York Governor Carey woos voters and Anne Ford Uzielli too

normal reactions to situations." Therefore we end up with "single-dimension, single-purpose, carefully bred, genetically selected creatures." The forum was PBS's *Dick Cavett Show*, the observer was **John Ehrlichman**, and the creature who prompted his comment was his former boss **Richard Nixon**. During the Watergate hearings, asked **Cavett**, did Ehrlichman feel he was being held to the fire by "men more honorable than yourself?" "Well," Ehrlichman replied, "I never had that suspicion about the Senate in general." As for the Watergate committee, which included **Herman Talmadge**, **Edward Gurney**, and the late **Joseph Montoya**, Ehrlichman said, "A lot of them have stumbled or in one way or another have been enmeshed." Added Ehrlichman, with scarcely concealed satisfaction: "It's a little bit like the people who opened King Tut's tomb."

She may not look much like a straight shooter, but **Barbara Bach** is playing a tough-minded Yugoslav partisan about to help some British soldiers blow up a bridge. The film: *Force 10 from Navarone*, based on a novel by **Alistair MacLean**. Says Bach: "I enjoyed

being the only woman among all those *simpatisti* men." So *simpatica* was Bach that the screenwriter built up her role. In fact, Author **MacLean**, on a visit to the set, showed some surprise that his movie had a female lead.

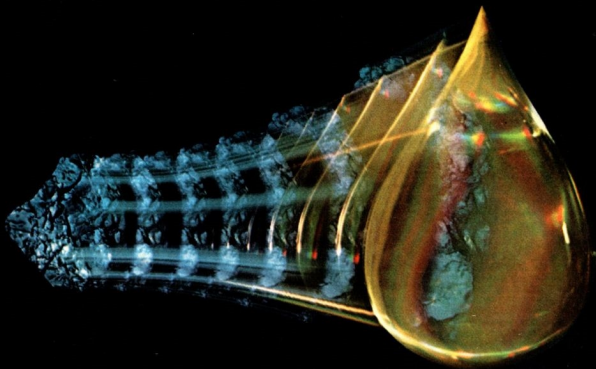
On the Record

Zbigniew Brzezinski, Carter's assistant for National Security Affairs, after arriving late at a party: "I had to practice my belly dancing. One must be prepared in the age of the ERA. You never know when you might be called on to perform."

Bette Davis, actress (*Death on the Nile*): "I divide women into two categories. The female and the broad. Me? I'm a broad."

Hanna Gray, the newly installed president of the University of Chicago: "It's too late to be nervous. Now it's time for contemplative resignation."

André Watts, pianist, on playing the Liszt Sonata: "It's a moment of stoppage of existence, like blacking out, like I am going around the bend. It is a moment of transcendental passion. A no man's land."



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Two Paths to Glory

The Dodger farm boys challenge those Yankee dandies

It was a duel that will be remembered in baseball lore. Two men, symbols of two very different baseball philosophies, fought a ninth-inning battle for the second game of the 1978 World Series. One was the best pressure hitter that money could buy, the New York Yankees' Mr. October, Reggie Jackson. The other was the finest young fastballer that the sport's best farm system could produce, the Los Angeles Dodgers' new Mr. Koufax, 21-year-old Rookie Bob Welch. For seven minutes of exquisite tension, nine sizzling pitches and six whooshing swings of the bat, the man who has known great autumns and the boy who will know rare summers struggled while the tying and go-ahead Yankee runs waited on base.

From his vantage point in center field, the Dodgers' Bill North gloried in the drama: "That was the best show I've ever seen. The game's best fastball hitter up against a kid who throws as hard as anybody in baseball. It was like the 15th round of a heavyweight championship fight and you knew both guys had won seven rounds. Bob just aired it out and said, 'Hey Reggie, here it comes. If you can handle it, you deserve it.' It had to end in a home run or a strikeout."

It ended in a strikeout, and suddenly the Dodgers led their rematch with the Yankees, two games to zip. Young Welch's achievement vindicated the old-fashioned Dodger way of baseball: scout the hinterlands for raw talent, groom it

carefully down on the farm, then bring young players up to the parent club to fill the gaps that age and injury inevitably open during the long, hot summer. Of a 25-man roster, 13 are onetime Dodger farm boys. In contrast, the Yankees built their team by spending big bucks on the free-agent market and have only six home-grown players on their squad. The Yankees can field the most devastating starting nine in baseball but have few reserves to call upon when trouble strikes.

Both teams had their troubles over the course of the season, and their separate solutions to the problems of tenacious foes, injured heroes and warring locker-room egos outline equally separate paths to the World Series showdown. This year the one-big-happy-family of Dodger Manager Tommy Lasorda was not quite so happy. Unlike last season, Los Angeles struggled through the early months, swapping the lead with the Cincinnati Reds, then falling behind the San Francisco Giants. It wasn't until the last week of August that the Dodgers entered first place to stay, and that after an air-clearing fistfight in the clubhouse between Top Pitcher and Resident Flake Don Sutton and the Dodgers' Mr. Clean, First Baseman Steve Garvey.



Top: Dodger Monday frustrates Stanley. Yankee Nettles was a flying marvel at third



Dodgers Lopes and Cey are welcomed after their homers in the wins on the coast. Above: even missing, Jackson was awesome





Dodger Manager Lasorda was a rooter

As for the Yankees, who lack farm-club talent, the team would have been crippled by the early-season miseries of Pitchers Don Gullett and Catfish Hunter had not the remarkable left arm of Ron Guidry saved the day. Guidry finished with 25 wins and just three losses, one of the best records in modern baseball history. There were other problems—there always are with the Yankees—but the team created by Owner George Steinbrenner's money managed to make one of the most remarkable comebacks in baseball history. New York rallied from 14 games behind the Boston Red Sox to win a rousing pennant race and show the kind of poise and resiliency they would later need—and display—against the Dodgers.

Still, the long drive for the American League championship left the Yankees drained and hobbled. Three key regulars—Centerfielder Mickey Rivers, All-Star Second Baseman Willie Randolph and First Baseman Chris Chambliss—missed one or more of the early Series games. Other Yankees suffered nagging injuries that did not remove them from the lineup, but slowed them a step or took some snap from their bats.

The Dodgers entered the World Series bearing the emotional burden of a death in the family. First-Base Coach Jim Gilliam, a Dodger for 26 years, died after a cerebral hemorrhage, just two days before the World Series started. Each game at Chavez Ravine began with lowered flags and silence, and the Dodgers wore Gilliam's number 19 bordered in black on their uniform sleeves. On the morning before the second game, sitting together with some Yankees at the Trinity Baptist Church, the players said goodbye to



Yankee Manager Bob Lemon brooded as his team fell behind in Los Angeles

"Hey, Reggie, here it comes. If you can handle it, you deserve it."

the last of the boys of summer to wear a Dodger uniform.

The effect of Gilliam's death on the club varied with each player, but there was little doubt that the Dodgers' fierce concentration during the opening games was heightened by their determination to make Gilliam's last team a championship club. Captain Davey Lopes insisted the night before the funeral that the Yankees would have to beat 50 Dodgers, "all 25 men on the roster and then the part of Jim Gilliam that is in all of us."

Another home-grown Los Angeles star, Lopes was perhaps closest to Gilliam of all the Dodgers. In Game 1, he played with a vengeance. For all the intricate meshing of team play in baseball—the lightning ballet of the double play, the slick-quick coordination of a relay from the outfield—the sport remains a game of individual skills. Lopes produced the first of a string of great individual performances in this 75th World Series. He crashed two home runs into the bleachers in left center, the last a screamer that was still on the rise when it rifled into the stands ten rows behind the 385-ft. marker.

The Yankees, accustomed to pyrotechnics themselves, had to play pecking baseball, although Jackson stretched his World Series home-run string to four straight games. His towering blast cleared the left-field fence, the Yankee bullpen, and nearly carried over the wall to the parking lot beyond—460 ft. to the last line of defense in Chavez Ravine. It was not enough. With Lopes driving in five runs, the Dodgers took the opener, 11-5.

Jackson was the Yankee hitting hero of the second game as well, driving in all three Yankee runs. But Los Angeles Third Baseman Ron Cey, who came up to stay from Albuquerque in 1972, did him exactly one better. Cey is dubbed "the Penguin" by his teammates, and he runs as though he were wearing bedroom slippers. No matter; he could have walked the bases after crunching a Catfish Hunter pitch for a three-run homer. Counting an ear-

lier RBI, the final score was the Penguin 4, the Yankees 3.

Still, the game's best defensive play was a portent of heroics to come and a change in the fortunes of the Series. Yankee Third Baseman Graig Nettles, acquired in a trade with Cleveland before the 1973 season, made a spectacular diving catch of a line drive. In the next game, back in Yankee Stadium, Nettles showed he had the millisecond reflexes and cannon arm to be ranked with Brooks Robinson at third. When a weary-armed Ron Guidry turned shaky on the mound, Nettles stifled Dodger rally after rally. Any one of his four sprawling, crawling, flying, levitating plays would have made an ordinary third baseman's season, and together they unmade the Dodgers' hopes for the third game.

Robbed by Nettles on a bases-loaded play that would have swung the game, Lopes said with amazement and admiration: "It was the best exhibition of defense I've ever seen since I've been playing pro ball. He saved at least six runs." Enough said; the Yanks won, 5-1.

The fourth game was a searing drama of pitcher vs. hitter, *mano a mano*. Bob Welch came into a 3-3 game in the eighth inning and once again blew heat past the big Yankee bats. Six New Yorkers went down in order.

But the Yankees had bought some speed of their own during the winter. Reliever Rich Gossage, acquired as a free agent for a reported \$2.75 million over 6 years. He finished his first season in pinstripes by saving 27 games and compiling an earned run average of 2.01, impressive figures attained by totally unsuited yet highly effective means: throwing a baseball at better than 95 m.p.h. Facing the Dodgers, Gossage retired six hitters of his own. The Yankees finally got their bats around on Welch in the tenth inning, winning 4-3 on Lou Piniella's opposite-field single. With New York and Los Angeles tied at two games each, the 1978 World Series began all over again. ■

The Man with Ten Personalities

Experts unravel the psyche of an Ohio rape suspect

Terror stalked the Ohio State University campus last year. Between August and October, four female students were abducted, forced to cash a check or use a bank card to obtain money, then driven to a rural area and raped. Acting on a mysterious phone tip and a mugshot identification by one victim, police in Columbus arrested William Milligan, 23. At first the suspect seemed like a classic young offender: physically abused as a child, cashiered from the Navy after one month, constantly in trouble with employers and police. That familiar portrait changed suddenly during a psychological exam. When a woman psychologist addressed Milligan as "Billy," he replied, "Billy's asleep. I'm David." It was the first strong clue that Milligan suffered from a rare and dangerous disorder: true multiple personality.

Psychiatrist George T. Harding Jr. was called in on the case, along with Cornelia B. Wilbur, the psychoanalyst who melded the 16 personalities of a patient known as Sybil, later the subject of a book and television play. With Wilbur's aid, Harding came to a startling conclusion: Milligan had fractured his psyche into ten "people," eight male and two female, ranging from Christine, a vulnerable three-year-old, to Arthur, 22, a rational, controlled planner who speaks with a British accent and tries to repair the damage done by the other personalities.

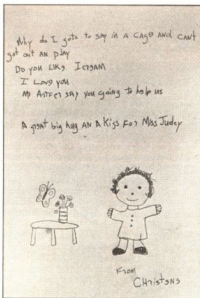
According to the psychiatrists, Milligan's personalities use different voice patterns and facial expressions, test at varying I.Q. levels, and turn out different kinds of artwork. Ragen, 23, who speaks with a Slavic accent, is "almost devoid of concern for others." Danny and Christopher are decent, quiet teen-agers, but Tommy, 16, who initiated the enlistment in the Navy, is depressed and has many schizoid characteristics.

Most surprising of all, for reasons the psychiatrists cannot explain, the personality that committed the rapes is a woman, Adelen, 19, who Milligan says is a lesbian. Allen, 18, is a sociable, talented artist and the only personality who smokes. David, 9, a frightened and abused child, may have made the call leading to Milligan's arrest. The police number was found on a pad next to Milligan's phone. Billy, 23, is the core personality—guilty, suicidal and "asleep" for most of the past seven years. When Wilbur first summoned up Billy, Milligan jumped off his chair and said, "Every time I come to, I'm in some kind of trouble. I wish I were dead."

Milligan's multiple personality, like

others, is a desperate attempt to handle conflicting emotions by parceling them out to different "people" and is associated with a severely warped childhood. The illegitimate son of two Florida entertainers, Milligan was three when his father committed suicide. His stepfather physically abused his mother and sodomized young Milligan, threatening to bury him alive if he told. As a teen-ager in Ohio, Milligan fell into trances and walked the streets in a daze. He was incarcerated twice, once for rape, once for robbery, and failed at every job he had.

While nearly everyone agrees that Milligan is seriously ill, there is some doubt about whether to bring him to trial. Earlier this month, Harding reported to the court that Milligan's personalities had fused to the point where he was competent to stand trial, and Judge Jay C. Flowers set a December trial date. Last week, however, Milligan came apart again. His Ragen personality emerged and handed Public Defender Gary Schweickart a picture of a rag doll with a noose around its neck, hanging in front of a cracked mirror. Three days later, Arthur was in control, questioning the attorney closely about what had happened and how the other personalities could be protected. Said Schweickart: "The stress of jail and confinement was too much." Psychiatrist Wilbur thinks the prognosis for Milligan is doubtful. So does Milligan. His Tommy personality turned out this poem: *I am sorry I took your time/ I am the poem that doesn't rhyme/ So just turn back the page/ I'll waste away/ I'll waste away.*



Drawing by Christine personality, age 3

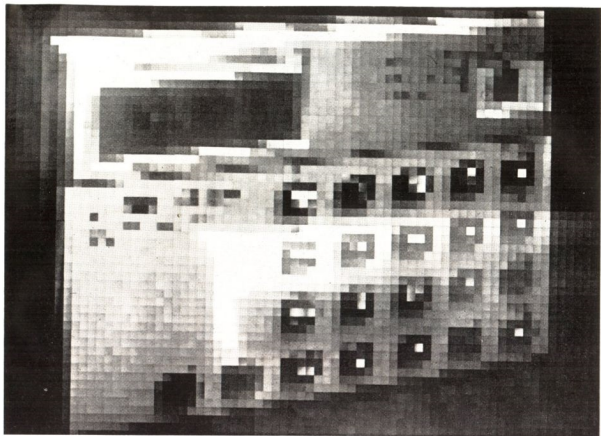


Milligan at Franklin County courthouse



Sketch of Moses by core personality, Billy

Coping with a severely warped childhood by fracturing into "people" and parceling out the conflicting emotions.



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(CQ-81)

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The novelist's own etching, titled by him *Middle-Aged Flounder*

A Turbot de Force

THE FLOUNDER by Günter Grass; translated by Ralph Manheim
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; \$47 pages; \$12

As Germany's finest living novelist, Günter Grass has clowning his way to his nation's most serious truths. The *Tin Drum* and *Dog Years* are masterpieces of comedy and verbal invention about the culture and history that suppurated as the Third Reich. In other novels, plays and poems, he dealt with the Hitler aftermath of political divisions and haunted affluence. One mark of Grass's success is the uneasiness he caused the average German of his own World War II generation. In a tradition where philosophy and history stand on pedestals of grand abstractions, Grass's earthiness and ribald ironies came as a peasant's rude truths.

Now comes *The Flounder*, a long, magnificent passage of wind, a pungent humanizing of the past and present in which the *Weltgeist* (world spirit) is a talking fish, a warty, cunning creature with a crooked mouth and two freakish eyes on one side of its door-mat body. This turbot, as it is called on the Continent, is also a male chauvinist who echoes one of the two main themes of the book: the eternal power struggle between men and women. The other persistent melody, the importance of cooking and nutrition in history, is in the tasty flesh of the flounder itself.

Sex and food are as far from the dry rumblings of *Weltgeist* and *Historismus* as one can get. Grass keeps it that way for more than 500 pages with dozens of lusty characters and bawdy episodes that stretch from the Neolithic to now. He also

lards his narrative with mock-epic poetry:

I write about superabundance.

About fasting and why gluttons
invented it.

About crusts from the tables of the

rich and their food value.

About fat and excrement and salt
and penury.

In the midst of a mound of millet

I will relate instructively
how the spirit became bitter as
gall

and the belly went insane.

At the center of this tour de force is *The Fisherman and His Wife*, the folk tale about the man who releases his magic catch after the fish promises to grant his wishes. In the traditional version, the fisherman's wife, Ilsebill, ruins good fortune with her greed. In Grass's *ich*-theology, the ageless narrator tells his equally timeless mate Ilsebill how he threw the fish back into the Baltic after it had agreed to bring him knowledge of the outside world.

The beginning is prehistoric. Grass's fisherman and his fellows live in a matriarchy, cared for and suckled by the three-breasted Awa. In this age before Prometheus, women have stolen fire from the gods and rule through the cooking pot. But the Flounder, "like a swimming newspaper," gives man the crucial information that begins male domination: fire can also be used to smelt metal from rock, and metal can be forged into spearheads and

Excerpt

“ Slowly the movie house with its challenging smell grew into an empty speech-balloon. I was on the point of leaving, no, taking flight. Then spake the Flounder. Without modifying his position of repose in his bed of sand, he moved his crooked mouth. 'I can't help you, my son. I can't even offer you mild regrets. You have misused all the power I gave you. Instead of turning the rights bestowed upon you to caring, charitable use, you have let hegemony degenerate into repression and power become an end in itself. For centuries I did my best to hush up your defeats, to interpret your wretched failure as progress, to hide your now obvious ruin behind big buildings, drown it out with symphonies, beautify it in panel paintings on a golden background, or talk it away in books, sometimes humorously, sometimes elegiacally, and sometimes, as a last resort, only intelligently. To prop up your superstructure I have even, in my desire to be helpful, invented gods, from Zeus to Marx. Even in the modern age—which for me is only a second in world history—I am obliged, as long as this all in all entertaining Tribunal goes on, to season your masterful absurdities with wit and squeeze some meaning out of your bankruptcy.' ”



Author Günter Grass

A long digestive tract through history.



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Tues. Tony Orlando
Wed. Anne Murray
Thurs. Frank Sinatra
Fri. B. J. Thomas
Sat. Helen Reddy
Sun. Elvis Presley

SUPERSTARS, Vol. III, Oct. 30 thru Nov. 5:

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Wed. John Denver
Thurs. Barbra Streisand
Fri. Engelbert Humperdinck
Sat. The Beatles
Sun. The Carpenters

SUPERSTARS, Vol. IV, Nov. 6 thru Nov. 12:

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Books

axes. Thus is born man's wanderlust, his will to strive and conquer, his ability to make myths and reason to tragic absurdities. It is history's first chapter. In the second chapter, the power of the breast and the soup pot go underground.

Awa herself goes through nearly a dozen transformations as she boils, roasts, bakes and poaches her way through the centuries. In the Iron Age she is Wigg, who invents fish soup. Later, paganism and Christianity are blended into "a Catholic mixture" by Mestwina. During the High Gothic she surfaces as the saintly and ascetic Dorothea ("The barley in her pot never saw fat") and a century or two later as Margarete Rusch, a "goose-plucking" nun whose obesity conceals her pregnancies. The list runs on through plagues, wars, capitalism and socialism, ending with the fiancée of a Polish dock worker killed by police during a 1970 strike.

Eventually the Flounder tires of the mess that men have made in the world. "When, a few months before the oil crisis," notes the narrator, "I called him out of the sea (for advice on my income-tax problems), he denounced our agreement: 'Nothing can be expected of you daddies any more. Nothing but dodges and gimmicks.'" The fickle fish then allows himself to be caught by three feminists and, in the novel's comic centerpiece, to be put on trial for crimes against females. Unfortunately, "the Tribunal met only in the afternoon and on occasional weekends, because the judges, all except the housewife Elisabeth Güllen, had jobs."

Like everything else in this joyfully indulgent book, the trial has its culinary aspects. In fact, *The Flounder* can be read as a digestive tract that runs from one end of history to the other. The succulent details and observations on wild millet, the potato, amber as an aphrodisiac and the early pepper trade, and his recipes for tripe and other nutritious innards, raise the pleasures of the palate to necessities. Cooking, as Grass's robust genius makes clear, can be a form of love or war by other means. —*R.Z. Sheppard*

Looking Backward

THE THIRTIES AND AFTER
by Stephen Spender
Random House; 236 pages; \$10

Poet Stephen Spender, 69, first emerged as a member of the Auden circle, the preternaturally clever group of young writers who came down from Oxford and inherited *The Waste Land*. The legacy was intimidating. Not only did Eliot's masterpiece seem to leave scorched earth for subsequent poetry, but the apocalyptic dry rot it portrayed cried out for desperate measures beyond the range of literature. Spender and his contemporaries, including Auden, Louis MacNeice, Cyril

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Connolly and Christopher Isherwood, watched the rise of Nazism and Fascism in Europe with equal horror and fascination. "This was one of those intervals of history," Spender writes, "in which events make the individual feel that he counts."

This collection of essays, journal and diary entries vividly recaptures the heady atmosphere of the '30s, as well as the long hangover that followed. Unlike memoirs of the period that have been recollected in tranquility, Spender's book unfolds like a collection of vintage newsreels. With many members of his generation, the young poet rushed into ideology. He heralded "the birth of a new world" through Marxism, championed the cause of Republican Spain and did his best to see no



Poet Stephen Spender in the U.S., circa 1950

Seeing things clearly, but from the outside.

evil in the side he supported. If loyalist troops were sometimes brutal, Spender had an answer: "It seems to me that atrocities are a measure of the ignorance and suffering imposed on the isolated people who commit them, and thus they are only a by-product of the monstrous Spanish system which is now being abolished."

Spender does not reprint such youthful blunders in a spirit of self-justification. He says, for example, that he is "thoroughly ashamed" of the essay in which he announced his joining of the Communist Party. He also notes that the party dropped him as soon as the essay was published, because he admitted having once doubted the total legitimacy of the Moscow trials. There is a comic poignancy to this imbroglio that pervades nearly all of Spender's political writing. His well-meaning, intellectual support of proper causes always left him at cross-purposes

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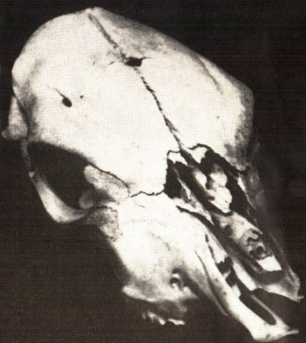
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WIND NEWS TALK 56

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with improper people. He occasionally blinked at excesses, but he was never able to blind himself for long.

Although he is often harsh on himself, Spender seems to have been less consistently wrong than fair-minded. He was generous in praise of Yeats, Eliot and Pound, whose work had political leanings alien to his own: "The reactionaries never thought that they should put their art at the service of the ideology of the authoritarian fascist leaders, in the way that many leftists thought that they should put theirs at the service of Marxism and of the political bureaux which laid down the Communist Party lines."

He was equally kind to his friends and acquaintances. Their foibles inspired him to write warm sketches rather than diatribes. He recalls the young Auden who used his knowledge of Freud to unsettle his Oxford classmates with instant analyses. He describes an older Cyril Connolly literally breaking into tears because of boring dinner-table conversation. The death of Dylan Thomas prompted Spender to praise the Welsh poet for "entering into the realness of the scene and singing from core and center of its being." As an afterthought, Spender added: "I realized that I myself saw things clearly but from the outside, at a distance, through the instrument of what I am—saw them small and clear and looking-glass and upside-down, as on an old-fashioned camera's ground-glass screen." This book of miniatures and portraits is the accomplished work of that craftsman.

—Paul Gray

Like It Was

A CHILDHOOD: THE BIOGRAPHY OF A PLACE

by Harry Crews

Harper & Row; 171 pages; \$8.95

Marvin Molar, who walks on his hands and can balance on a finger; Herman Mack, who eats an entire car; Joe Lon Mackey, a homicidal sadist. This gallery of grotesques could only have been invented by Harry Crews, a Southern gothic novelist who often makes William Faulkner look pastoral by comparison.

In *A Childhood*, Crews turns to non-fiction and grants his landscape something it never had before—credibility. The place is Georgia; the time, the Depression, when "there wasn't enough cash money in the county to close up a dead man's eyes." His people are the forlorn, gaunt sharecroppers fixed in the grim photographs of Walker Evans. James Agee, whose *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* accompanied Evans' work, portrayed his subjects with the sympathies of an outsider; Crews evokes them with a familiar intimacy.

His parents' lives were unimaginably cruel. Plowing by hand, laboring in the fields from dawn until dusk, his father died of a heart attack in his early 30s.

when Crews was not quite two. Not long afterward, his mother married his father's older brother Pascal. The result was catastrophic. Pascal drank, the couple quarreled, and after he discharged his shotgun six inches above his wife's head, she fled with her children to Jacksonville. A few months later, she returned to work the farm herself.

How does one write an autobiography confined to the first six years? Crews listened. The image of farmers sitting on their front porches in the sun and reminiscing is more than myth; it was from these garrulous sources that Crews acquired both his material and the lively idiom that animates his narrative. "A way of life gone forever out of the world" is re-



Harry Crews down South

Not enough cash to close a dead man's eyes.

called in these pages, enriched by a wealth of unlikely lore: how to estimate a mule's age, cook a possum, butcher a hog.

Crews' penchant for the bizarre has been subdued in *A Childhood*. His father, whom he could not remember, becomes in retrospect a heroic if desolate figure, "fond of lying out with dry cattle"—that is, women who had never given birth. The minor characters are equally memorable: Willalee Bookatee and his family, their black neighbors; the Jew, a peddler whose wagon was crammed with exciting goods; Mr. Willis, the stoic hired hand, who "moved as slow as grass growing" and once extracted a tooth from his own mouth with a pair of pliers. Even the animals—Daisy the mare; Sam the loyal dog; the two mules. Doc and



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Books

Otha—are endowed with personalities. Inspiration, it would seem, consists in memory and a will to escape the sorrows of childhood: "The only way to deal with the real world was to challenge it with one of your own making." As a boy, Crews created a country drawn from the photographs of models in Sears, Roebuck catalogues, and the characters he conjured up were no doubt precursors of the people who dwell in his novels. But this memoir depicts them as they truly were and situates them in that inexhaustible literary arena, the bitter, impoverished South. "Only the use of *I*, lovely and terrifying word, would get me to the place where I needed to go," Crews writes. American literature is fortunate that he made the journey. —James Atlas

Editors' Choice

FICTION: *Blindness*, Henry Green
Faeries, Brian Froud and Allan Lee
Shosha, Isaac Bashevis Singer
The Stories of John Cheever, John Cheever • *The World According to Garp*, John Irving • *War and Remembrance*, Herman Wouk

NONFICTION: *A Distant Mirror*, Barbara W. Tuchman • *American Caesar*, William Manchester
In Search of History, Theodore H. White • *Montaigne: The Promised Land of Error*, Emmanuel Le Roy Ladurie • *Robert Kennedy and His Times*, Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.
The Gulag Archipelago III, Alexander Solzhenitsyn • *The Snow Leopard*, Peter Matthiessen

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *Chesapeake*, Michener (1 last week)
2. *Fools Die*, Puzo (2)
3. *Eye of the Needle*, Follett (3)
4. *Evergreen*, Plain (4)
5. *The Far Pavilions*, Kaya (5)
6. *Scruples*, Krantz (7)
7. *The Empty Copper Sea*, MacDonald (8)
8. *Prelude to Terror*, MacInnes (6)
9. *Bloodline*, Sheldon
10. *Second Generation*, Fast

NONFICTION

1. *In Search of History*, White (1)
2. *If Life Is a Bowl of Cherries—What Am I Doing in the Pits?*, Bombeck (4)
3. *The Complete Book of Running*, Fixx (2)
4. *A Distant Mirror*, Tuchman (3)
5. *American Caesar*, Manchester (8)
6. *A Time for Truth*, Simon (5)
7. *Robert Kennedy and His Times*, Schlesinger (7)
8. *Pulling Your Own Strings*, Dyer (6)
9. *My Mother/My Self*, Friday (9)
10. *The Teamsters*, Brill

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Uncle Sam's Attorney

Solicitor General Wade McCree speaks up for the Government

Army before the U.S. Supreme Court may be the stuff of lawyers' dreams, a once-in-a-lifetime experience. But for a gentle-looking black lawyer named Wade H. McCree Jr. once a month is more like it. Dressed in striped trousers and traditional morning coat, McCree, 58, appears before the black-robed Justices as the lawyer for the U.S. Government. As Solicitor General, he is responsible for arguing and briefing the Government's position before the Supreme Court. He also decides what cases lost by the Government in lower court will be appealed.

Little understood outside legal circles, this role is crucial to shaping the law. By rejecting two-thirds of all the cases the Government could appeal, McCree acts as a gatekeeper for the overburdened courts. In effect, he decides which issues involving the Federal Government—from the meaning of an agency regulation to the meaning of the Constitution—need to be finally resolved and which issues can be left to simmer. Last week, for example, McCree okayed a Government appeal on behalf of the Food and Drug Administration, which is trying to establish that it has the right to investigate makers of poorly performing surgical and medical devices. He vetoed an appeal sought by the Defense Department to oppose a lower court's award of back pay and promotion in a racial discrimination case that he judged raised no new legal issues. For the most part, the final choice of cases is his alone, although the Solicitor General can be overruled by the Attorney General, he rarely is in practice.

McCree is supported by a staff of 18 lawyers that has been called by former D.C. Bar Association President John Douglas the "most prestigious blue-ribbon law office in the United States." All staff members were in the top 2% of their law school classes. Most are young and could be earning considerably more. Instead, they accept salaries ranging from \$22,000 to \$47,000 to "play in the big leagues," as McCree puts it. Says the Solicitor General: "We have the excitement of being in the eye of the hurricane."

That does not mean that they go unbuffeted, especially when caught in a political whirlwind like the Bakke case, brought by Allan Bakke, applicant to a California medical school who successfully argued he had been excluded in favor of less qualified blacks. In an early draft of a brief stating the Government's position on that "reverse discrimination" case, McCree came down in favor of affirmative action, but explicitly against quotas. After loud protests from black

leaders and some Cabinet officers, including HEW Secretary Joseph Califano, McCree and Assistant U.S. Attorney General Drew Days, who is also black, changed the emphasis considerably. Avoiding the question of quotas, the final draft strongly argued that race can be "a



McCree dressed for court

"A lawyer, not a civil rights activist."

factor" in professional-school admissions.

For McCree, Bakke posed a particularly hard dilemma. Sympathetic to the civil rights movement—as a federal judge, he ruled frequently in favor of busing to desegregate schools—he is also known for lawyerly caution and balance. Comments one legal scholar: "He thinks like a lawyer, not a civil rights activist." Bakke's fallout will create further dilemmas. The Supreme Court has agreed to review a federal district court order forcing the Los

Angeles County Fire Department to hire blacks and Hispanics in proportion to the general population. If the U.S. takes a position on the case, McCree will have a large hand in shaping it. He has already asked the Supreme Court to reverse a Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals decision striking down a job-training quota for minorities and women. McCree wants the case sent back for rehearing—a position consistent with his desire to see affirmative action questions threshed out more thoroughly in the lower courts.

McCree made it professionally, long before affirmative action programs were there to help him. Coming to Detroit with a Bronze Star from World War II and a law degree from Harvard, he was snubbed by a top white law firm. But after practicing with a black firm for several years, he became in 1954 the first black elected a judge in Detroit. Elevated to the federal district court by President John F. Kennedy in 1961 and to the U.S. Court of Appeals by President Lyndon Johnson in 1966, McCree spent 23 years on the bench. Then, two years ago, Attorney General Griffin Bell asked McCree to come to the Justice Department as Solicitor General. Some lawyers claim that Bell was hoping to deflect criticism from himself for his membership in "whites only" clubs in Georgia. Not so, counters Bell, and the fact is that he had known McCree for several years when both were federal circuit court judges. "There is rarely a point of law that he is not familiar with," says Bell. "He is articulate, has a good legal mind and a wide knowledge of the law." He is also an indomitable composer of limericks. When Benjamin Civiletti's nomination as Deputy Attorney General came under fire from Wyoming Senator Malcolm Wallop and New York Times Columnist William Safire, McCree amused Bell with this limerick: "Dyspeptic William Safire/ Has a penchant for kindling Bell's ire/ He excelled in distortion/ Of the grossest proportion/ And wallowed and rolled in the mire."

A dapper dresser who walks two miles to work six days—and sometimes seven—a week, McCree is married and the father of three grown children, one of them already practicing law in Detroit. According to McCree, his only reservation about leaving the bench to take the \$52,500-a-year Solicitor General's job was a \$5,000 pay cut. But, he shrugs: "If I wanted to be rich, I would not have gone into public service in the first place." He could find himself back on the bench before too long, however, following in the footsteps of Thurgood Marshall, who became the first black Solicitor General before being named the first black Supreme Court Justice. If any opening occurs on the high court during the Carter presidency, say Administration sources, the No. 1 choice to fill it is Wade McCree. ■



Glenda Jackson as the Queen of Egypt in Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*

Putting the Earth on Wheels

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA by William Shakespeare

During a pitching, drunken revel aboard Pompey's ship, an infantry officer watches the rulers of the ancient world reeling around the deck and yawns that the earth were "on wheels." That is very nearly what Director Peter Brook has achieved in his whirling, boisterous version of Shakespeare's long, intractable tragedy, which opened last week in Stratford-upon-Avon. The play is not very often produced: exclusive of intermission, it runs 3½ hours and with 42 scenes is as sprawling as a map of the Roman Empire.

"You have been a boggler ever," Antony tells Cleopatra, and the same might be said of this drama. For Brook it is a daring choice, his first production with the Royal Shakespeare Company since 1970, when he made *A Midsummer Night's Dream* into a clever circus fantasy all his own. *Antony and Cleopatra* is not so easily transformed. At times the director seems less bent on interpreting the play than providing solutions to its technical problems. If there are more than 40 scenes, then he lets them flow into each other swiftly, with one group of actors finishing a sequence while another is starting a new one elsewhere on the stage. Brook mines all the playwright's caustic, worldly wit. A line from Enobarbus, who tells of seeing Cleopatra "hop 40 paces through the public street," inspires him to make the Queen's court a frolicking, unregal place where games and horseplay abound. With the help of Designer Sally Jacobs' simple set, he reaches boldly for a world that cannot be onstage: the great battles. The foreground is partly enclosed by six long translucent panels; behind them is a deep background, a shadowy terrain full of

strife, the comings and goings of soldiers, sailors, messengers and serfs.

What Brook offers is a kaleidoscope of insight and detail; he misses nothing in the play. But there is little space left over for passion or a world well lost for love. Antony (Alan Howard) and Cleopatra (Glenda Jackson) seem too much like old buddies, rather than old and reckless lovers. Jackson brings overflowing energy to the part. Physically she is mesmerizing. Playing the imperious Queen, she uses broad, almost sculptured arm gestures. A moment later she is running like a girl or jumping dervish-like in tight circles. But there are no pauses or silences here, and finally no intimacy with Antony. The characterization, for all its motion, is static.

The men fare better. As Enobarbus, Patrick Stewart conjures up the Queen's burnished barge, and her beauty that age cannot wither, in the tone of a man who is as besotted with Cleopatra as Antony himself. Jonathan Pryce's Octavius Caesar is fascinating for its subtlety: he is a youthful ruler of sensitive and cunning intelligence. Howard fills the role of Antony, which is something like filling the sails of a galleon. His willfulness, his rages, sarcasm, generosity and reluctant self-knowledge are all here. When Antony's defeats are rushing headlong at him, Howard conveys an eerie lightheadedness that sums up a man who has lost the balance of the world.

For Peter Brook, that position is reversed. Despite all the flying action, his is a level, sophisticated reading of the play. He will not allow passion to tip it into tragedy.

—Martha Duffy

Love in Limbo

A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY

by Ivan Turgenev

Though one was mainly a novelist and storyteller and the other a born playwright, Turgenev is sometimes regarded as a precursor of Chekhov. But even the similarities between the two great Russians are deceptive. Chekhov drew a bitingly comic profile of the follies that his provincial characters are prey to; yet he shared their pain. Turgenev fired off comic volleys that riddle his provincial characters' vanity and pretension; but when his people bleed, he casts a cold and worldly eye upon the scene. In Chekhov, longing is the arrow of love, usually unrequited; in Turgenev, idle fantasy is the fuse of sex, equally unrequited. Boredom is a palpable force in Chekhov, more of an indifferent landscape in Turgenev.

His best-known play, *A Month in the Country*, completed in 1850, is being revived at the McCarter Theater in Princeton, N.J. The company's reach exceeds its grasp by no small margin. Turgenev's setting is a vast country place filled with idle, frustrated souls who can turn a drawing room into a tinderbox.

Natalya (Tammy Grimes) is a brittle, self-centered wife. Consumed by ennui, she finds her estate-owning husband Arkadi (Robert Symonds) a total bore. She whiles away the lazy hours with a sophisticated neighbor, Rakitin (Paul Hecht), whose one-man talk show masks the desire he feels for her. A coltishly appealing young man named Aleksei (Mark Lamos) is brought in to tutor Natalya's son. One look at him and Natalya half falls, half dives into the vortex of love.

Since this is a play in which talk is often used to hide rather than reveal emotion, Natalya's passion is well camouflaged until she discovers that a similar chemical reaction has set in between her 17-year-old ward Vera (Amanda Michael Plummer) and the tutor. As Natalya schemes against Vera like a soap opera villainess, every sort of womanly hell breaks loose. In the end, Vera, Rakitin and Aleksei depart, leaving Natalya sadder but, one suspects, not a whit wiser.

If the play sometimes seems as richly secretive as a bank vault, Michael Kahn's obtuse direction fails to supply the cast with the combination that would unlock its hidden treasures. As a coarse, blustery doctor whose best medicine is home truth, Louis Zorich does manage to establish a comic territorial imperative of his own. With a metallic inflection and a singular indifference to the nuances of text—as well as to the presence onstage of her fellow players—Tammy Grimes bestows on Natalya a private life that Noël Coward might have envied.

—T.E. Kalem



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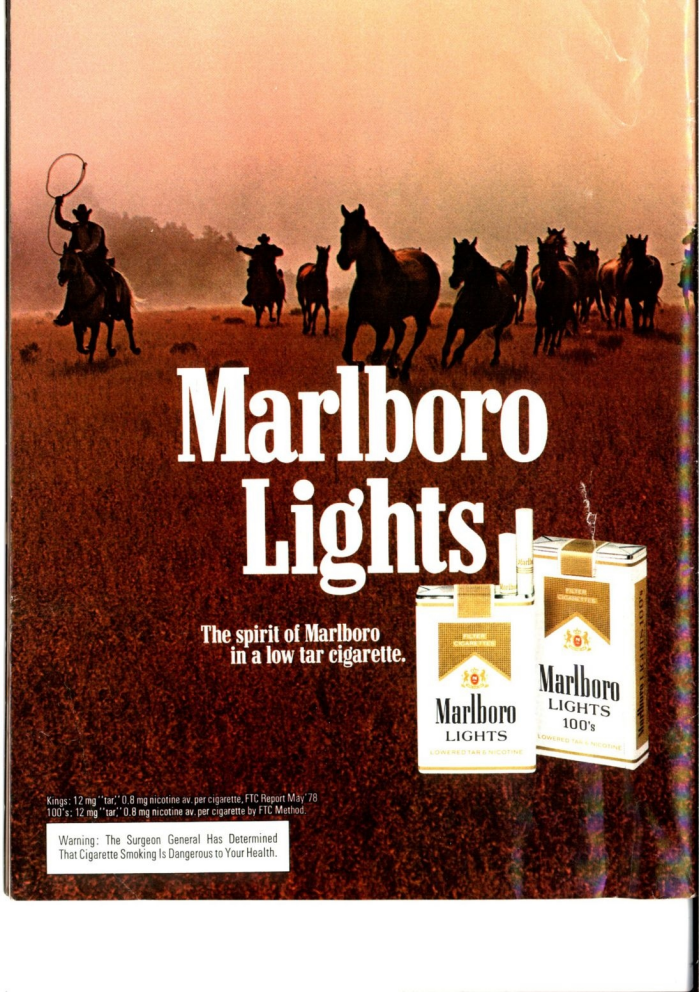
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